pecial holiday issue

VOGUE

ec.

e sexy
eat of Sonny
nd Cher...
er looks...
er fashion...
s style

alston's best
nd newest
ashion in color

Woody Allen
lays the
unnymen –
Groucho, Chaplin,
uster, Harpo

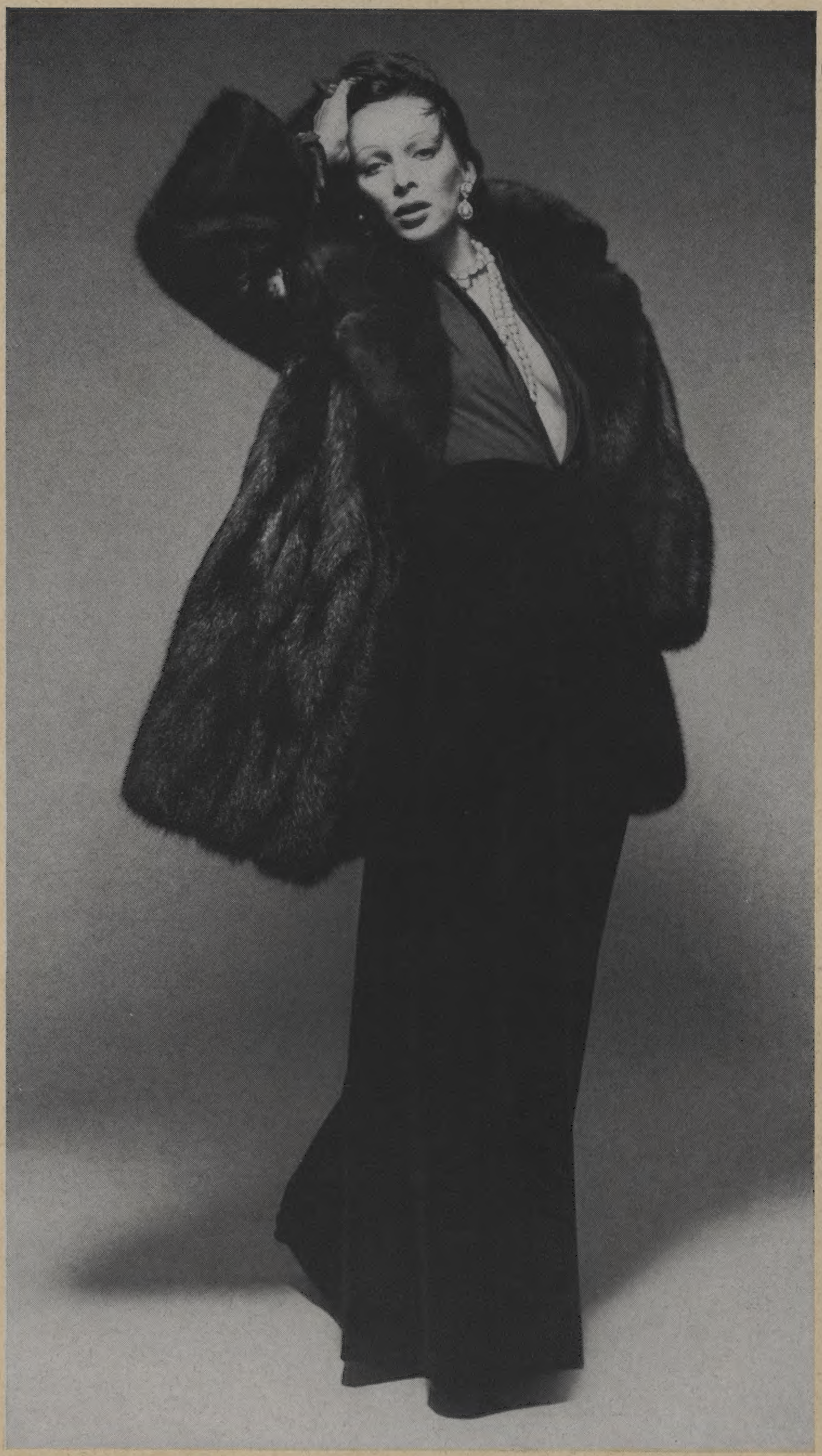
the glory of La Tour's Nativity
the compassion of the movie "Sounder"
the genius of Balanchine – greatest ballet year
blue for your tan: the new sun fashion
the glamorous night bathing suit
how to say thank you for impossible presents
what's in the stars for 1973
Zouzou: new movie heroine
Miró: the youngest old master
Joe Papp: theater's shot in the arm
Casino Zizi – ooh la la!
Visconti's vision on film
Cicely Tyson: newest star of the big black movies
Penn's fabulous lilies





Come to Abaco. Away from everything but you. And people like you. Abaco. In the Bahama Out Islands. And out to surprise you. The boiling holes in Marsh Harbour. The cliffs of Basin Harbour Cay sculptured by weather into gargoyles. The boatbuilders of Man-O-War Cay. The candy-striped lighthouse at Hope Town. The understated luxury of Treasure Cay and Walker's Cay. Picturesque Hard Bargain and Cherokee Sound. And "Mother Mirle's" features a succulent fish called goggle-eye. Accommodation ranges from complete resorts to secluded inns. See your travel agent or write for our "Abaco" brochure. Bahama Islands Tourist Office, 200 Southeast First Street, Miami, Florida 33131.

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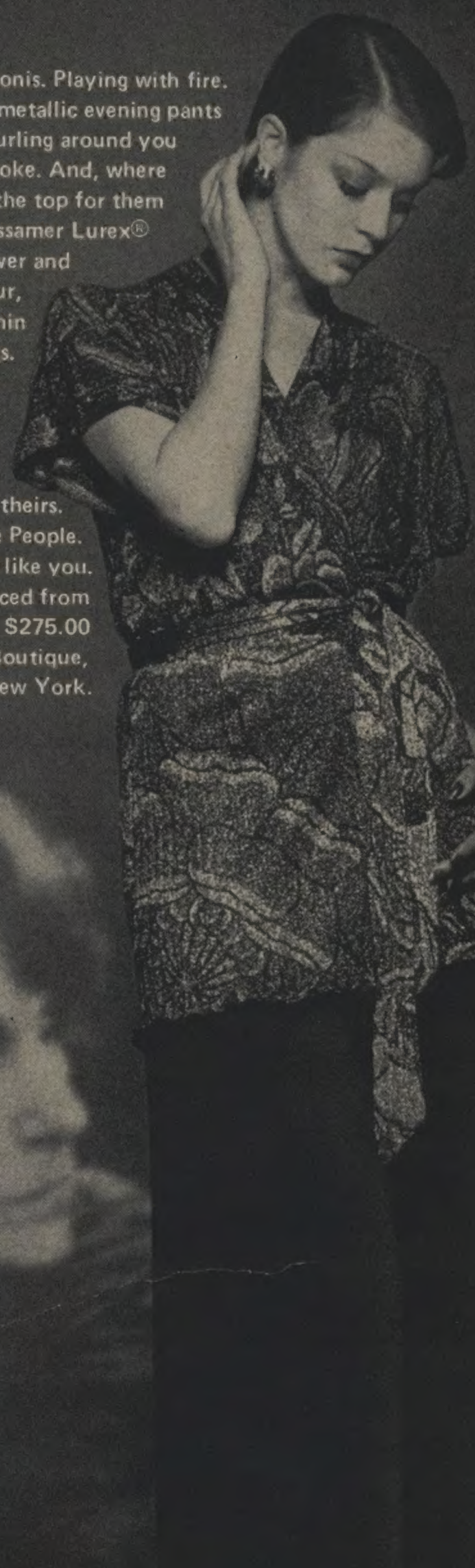
Joe Elmer

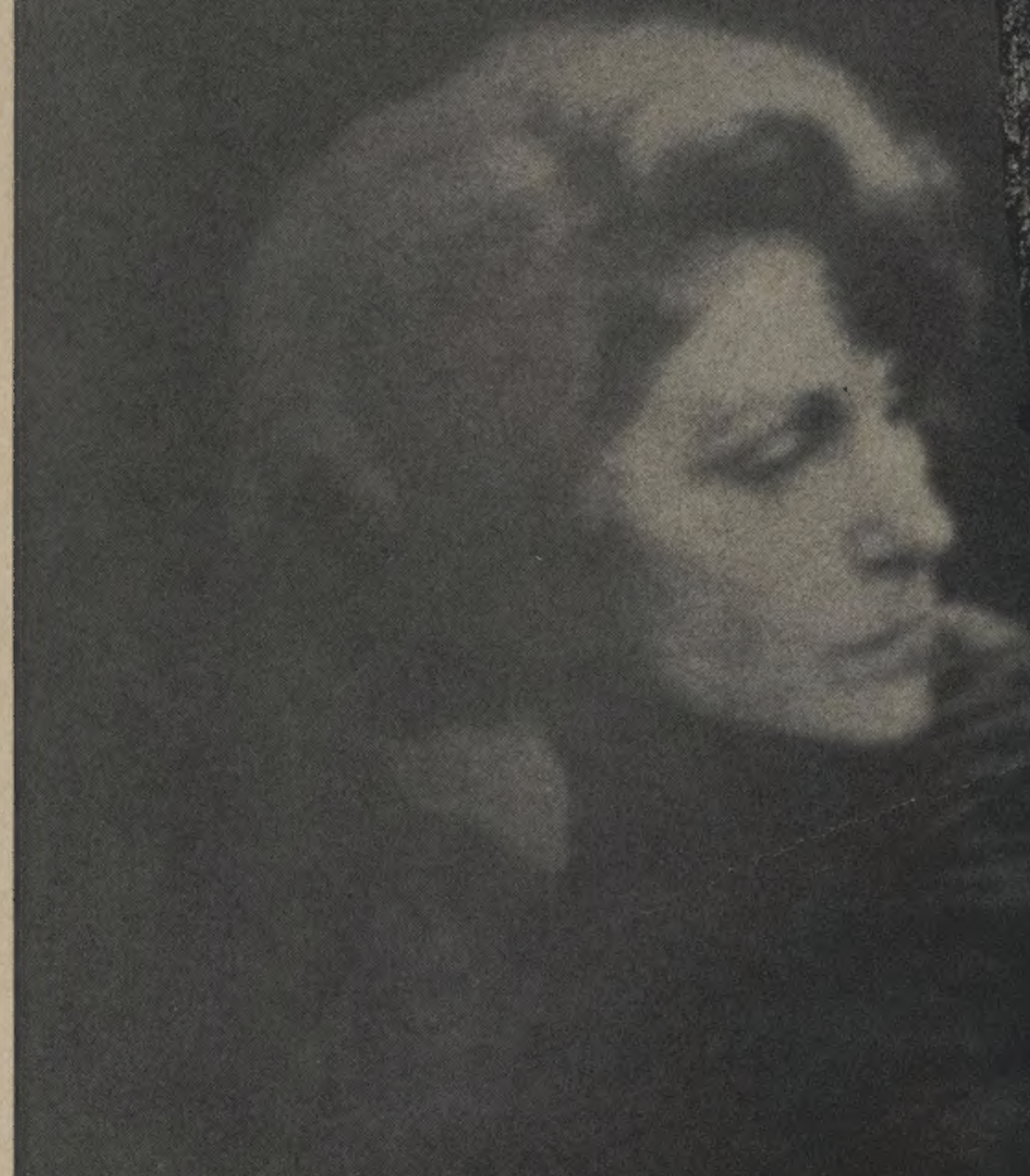
EMERIC PARTOS tops an evening with tip-dyed Russian sable, made to order here in our workrooms. Fur Salon on Two.

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metallic . . . gilt and silver and
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DECEMBER 1972

(INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR)

VOGUE

PERRY L. RUSTON, Chairman

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AVEDON

COVER: Cher—the super-cool super girl whose totally contemporary good looks start the beat going every week on "The Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour," here in a blaze of red silk chiffon from Bill Blass. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle's-Cleveland; Gidding-Jenny; Neusteters. Earrings by Michael Moraux for Dubaux, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Cher's coif, by Suga. . . . More about Cher and Sonny . . . and their special beat, beginning on page 134.

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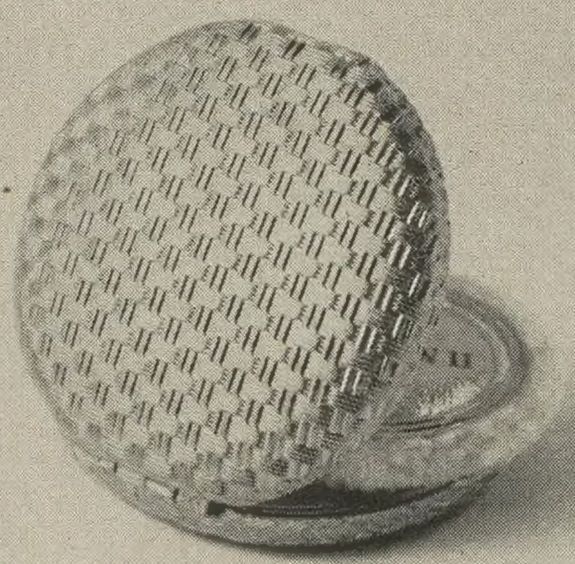
White leopard from the snows of Kilimanjaro. Sapphire and Turquoise spots on sculptured Ivory Bracelet with Oriental Emerald eyes. Captured with a ring of Diamonds.

Maharajah treasure. A pair of rare carved Oriental Emeralds enhanced in a twisted Ivory Bracelet, with Emeralds, Rubies and Diamonds.

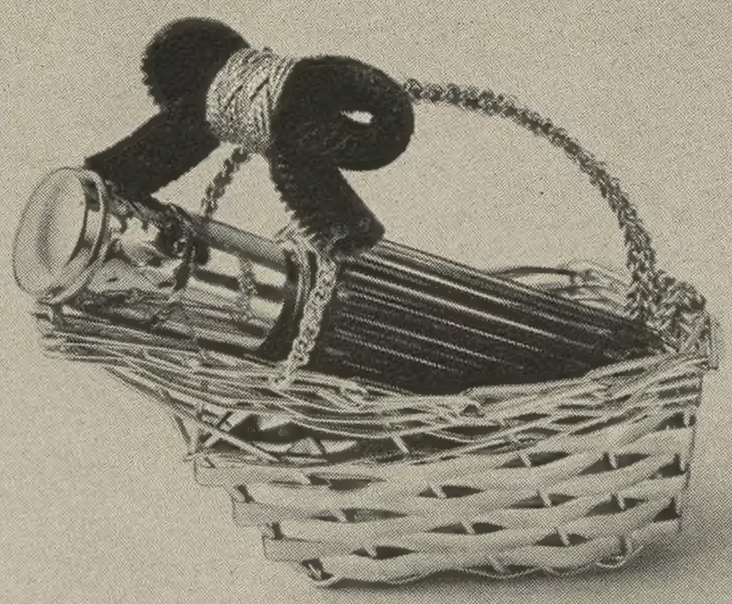
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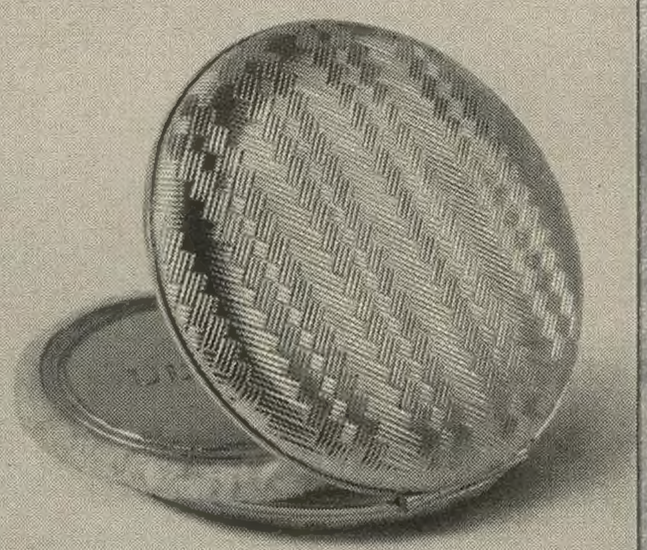
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'ULTIMA'
EAU DE PARFUM
Charles Revson
'ULTIMA'
ENRICHED
SILK BATH
'ULTIMA'
PERFUMED
BODY VELVET

3



9



10



11

The 'Ultima' Christmas Collection —all dressed up for opening night.

1. Dress Circle compact, made in Switzerland, of golden metal with a basket-weave pattern, 7.00

2. The Golden Cache—Eau de Parfum in a gleaming 'wicker-wire' basket, 4.75

3. The Basketrie—a golden metal tissue box containing Body Velvet, Enriched Milk Bath, Perfume Oil Roll-On, Eau de Parfum and Eau de Parfum Spray, 14.50

4. The Spray Basquette—Eau de Parfum Spray in a 'wicker-wire' wine carrier, 3.75

5. Promenade compact, a delicate herringbone-patterned circle of golden metal, 10.00

6. La Scala, our Swiss-made compact in golden metal inlaid with black enamel, 15.00

7. The Trio Grande of Eau de Parfum, Perfume Oil and Eau de Parfum Spray, 6.50

8. A marbled aubergine sphere of Perfumed Dusting Powder, 7.50

9. The Elegant Classics: Eau de Parfum Spray and Perfumed Dusting Powder set, 8.75

10. Eau de Parfum Spray column in silver and aubergine wrap, 2 oz., 6.00; 3 3/4 oz., 9.50

11. Enriched Milk Bath in its own apothecary jar, 6.50

'Ultima' II—Charles Revson

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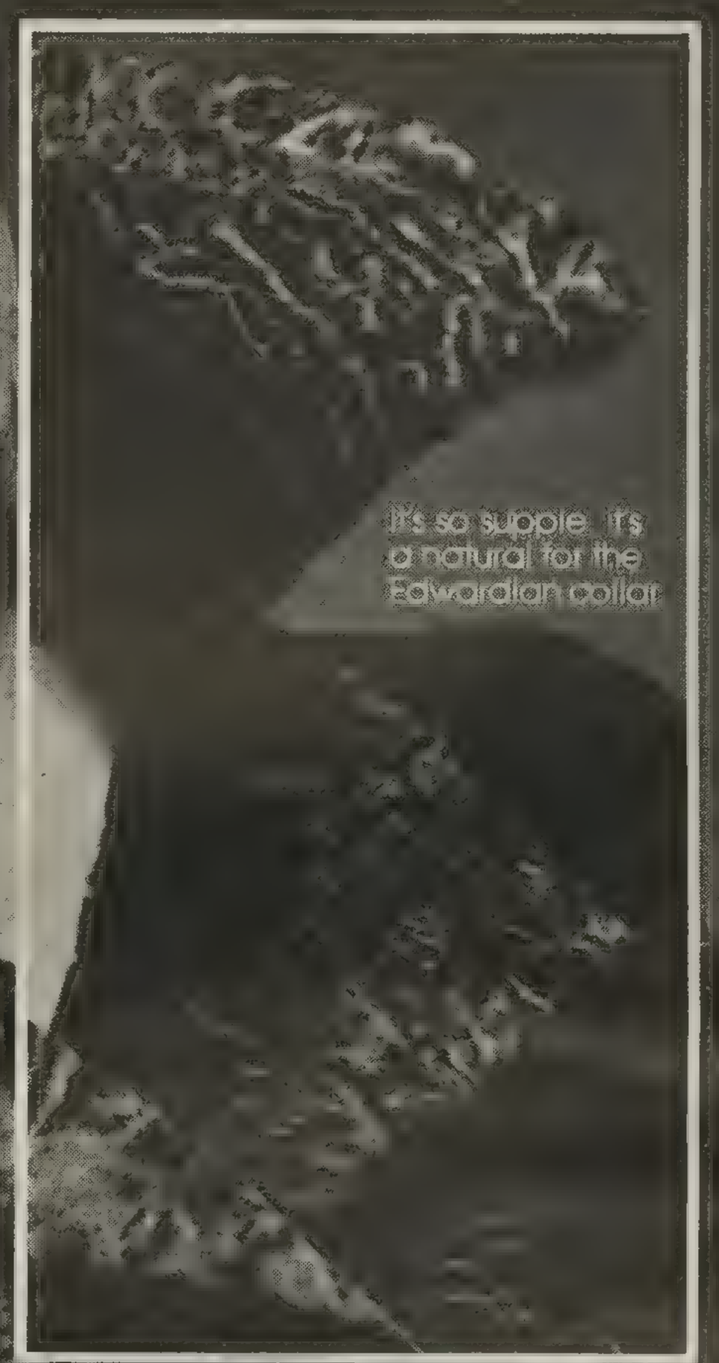
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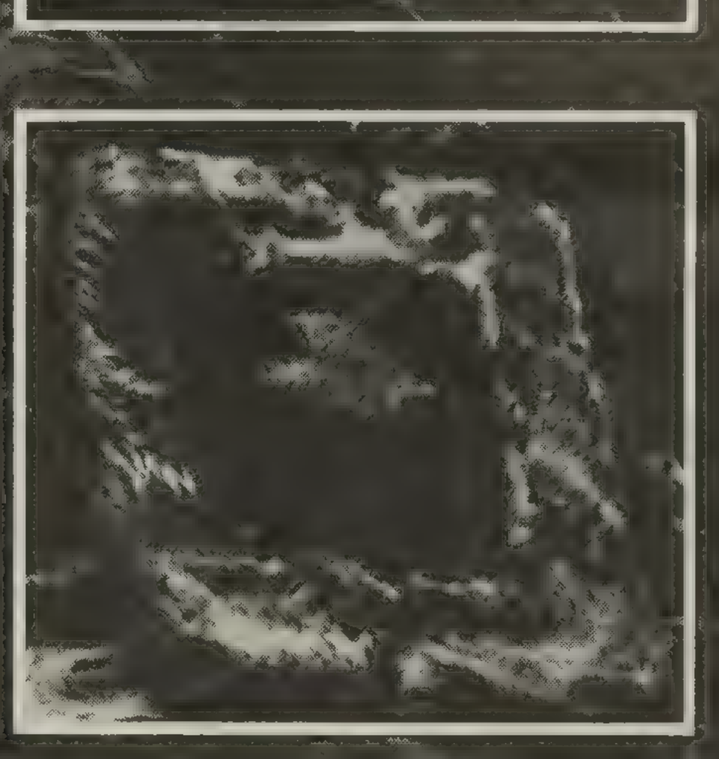


ıldo's; Neiman-Marcus; Rich's; J. W. Robinson; Stix, Baer & Fuller.

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Moisturizing Honey Masque
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Stimulating Mint Masque
A sparkly-green gel with pure fresh mint, nature's own gentle stimulant. In 3 minutes, gives you a refreshed, wide-awake skin. For all skintypes (especially oily).

'Moon Drops' Masques by Revlon

Boehm porcelain, $125?



As you know, limited Boehm porcelain pieces sell for $550 - $28,500. If you can locate a piece for sale. And chances are you can't, since most of the limited edition pieces are spoken for before they even leave their tiny Trenton studio. But these Boehm flowers are from Malvern, England.

To explain the difference.

Porcelain collectors are very slow to accept a new porcelain studio. The late Edward Marshall Boehm (1913-1969) worked at his craft while his exquisite early works were hesitated over by European and American collectors.

At that time, Boehm of Trenton was as relatively inexpensive to collect as Boehm of Malvern is today. But by 1964, a selection of Malvern pieces became the first American porcelain sculpture ever exhibited and sold in Europe, where the legacy of porcelain artistry dates to Madame Pompadour's gift of a porcelain flower garden to King Louis XV.

Today, Boehm of Trenton created the magnificent "Bird of Peace" Mute Swans recently presented to China. And collectors vie for the few limited edition pieces available. And, of course, the earliest Trenton pieces are priceless.

So will go Malvern.

This newest sister studio is also destined for greatness. Their goal is to create bone porcelain sculptures with absolute fidelity to color and form. Using the fine, malleable bone-based English porcelain, the small group at Malvern has created among its first pieces, the rose, the iris, and the limited edition group of daisies.

Let us say the artists must know how flowers feel. They so intimately caught the blossoms, seeking the sun. They curled the porcelain petals and painted the flower hearts as though to replace the originals.

What an intelligent time to begin your timeless, priceless Boehm porcelain collection. When the pieces are as inexpensive as they ever will be.

The rose_____$125
The iris_____$175
The daisies (Edition limited to 350) _____$600.

And we have other collections. Likely gifts to yourself or someone else, for we are very gifted jewelers.

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Moisture that won't quit. (Your skin need never know another dry moment!)

By night:

'Moon Drops' Moisture Balm.
This unique complex of oils-in-moisture is actually formulated to do its best work while you sleep (when you're most receptive to its thirst-quenching agents). So skin wakes up supple, soft, refreshed—feeling young and 'springy' to the touch.

By day:

'Moon Drops' Under Makeup Moisture Film. You might call this all-day wonder a liquid 'skin primer'. It prepares your face for makeup—so everything goes on more evenly, and stays *fresh* longer. And all the while, it's packing in the moisture—to give skin a moist, young bloom.



From the 'Moon Drops' Collection by Revlon.

What does it take to make you feel like a million?



Did you ever think Pink Mink? Not a candy pink, or a pastel-y pink, but the shyest, the most subtle, the most exquisitely invisible pink you've never seen. It takes $1750.

Or you can play Opossum. Golden-dyed, warm, and very much in the scene, it gets eyes turning and your fur flying for only $595.

It can also take the fur of furs. Her most royal imperial majesty, empress of the bistros and the byways and the salons of yesterday, today and tomorrow, Natural Russian Crown Sable. And $25,000.

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STELLA FAGIN

Sakowitz

TEXAS



Luxurious leisure clothes by Stella Fagin that lead an important fashion life at home or away. Center, the palazzo look in silky-soft, easy-care Qiana® nylon. Two romantic body dresses of non-cling Antron® III nylon: left, geometric floral decolleté gown; right, barely-there halter dress by Jon Haggins for Stella Fagin, an Elias Sayour Company.



STELLA FAGIN

The American way of leisure dressing. Left, Stella Fagin's flowing caftan in a fantasy print of carefree Antron® nylon. Two exciting looks created by Jon Haggins for Stella Fagin: center, a fluid column of lustrous Qiana® nylon; right, the haberdasher look in a dotted wrap and man-tailored pajamas of Dacron® polyester.

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QIANA* nylon...
the carefree prima donna
dances dots—navy and white.
OLE BORDEN for Rembrandt
*Registered Du Pont Trademark
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The Kimberly diamond. Three parts knit in pure wool. About $175. Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman-Marcus, Marshall Field & Co., I. Magnin.




Catherine Deneuve for Chanel



Perfume in classic bottle from 8.50 to 400., Eau de Cologne from 4.00 to 20.00, Spray Perfume and Spray Cologne each 6.00.

It's hard to believe there's a wig so comfortable you can sleep in it. But there is. And it's beautiful.

The Unbelievable Wig by Fashion Tress

This 1973 Fashion Tress wig is unbelievable because you forget about it being a wig. It doesn't look like a wig. It doesn't feel like a wig. You get the impression that it is simply a beautiful, natural hair style.

There isn't any cap at all. Just light stretch lace. The part looks like your own part even up close. And the fiber is Elura®: the advanced modacrylic that is frizz-resistant, droop-resistant and a lot easier to cope with than your own hair simply because the style is in to stay.



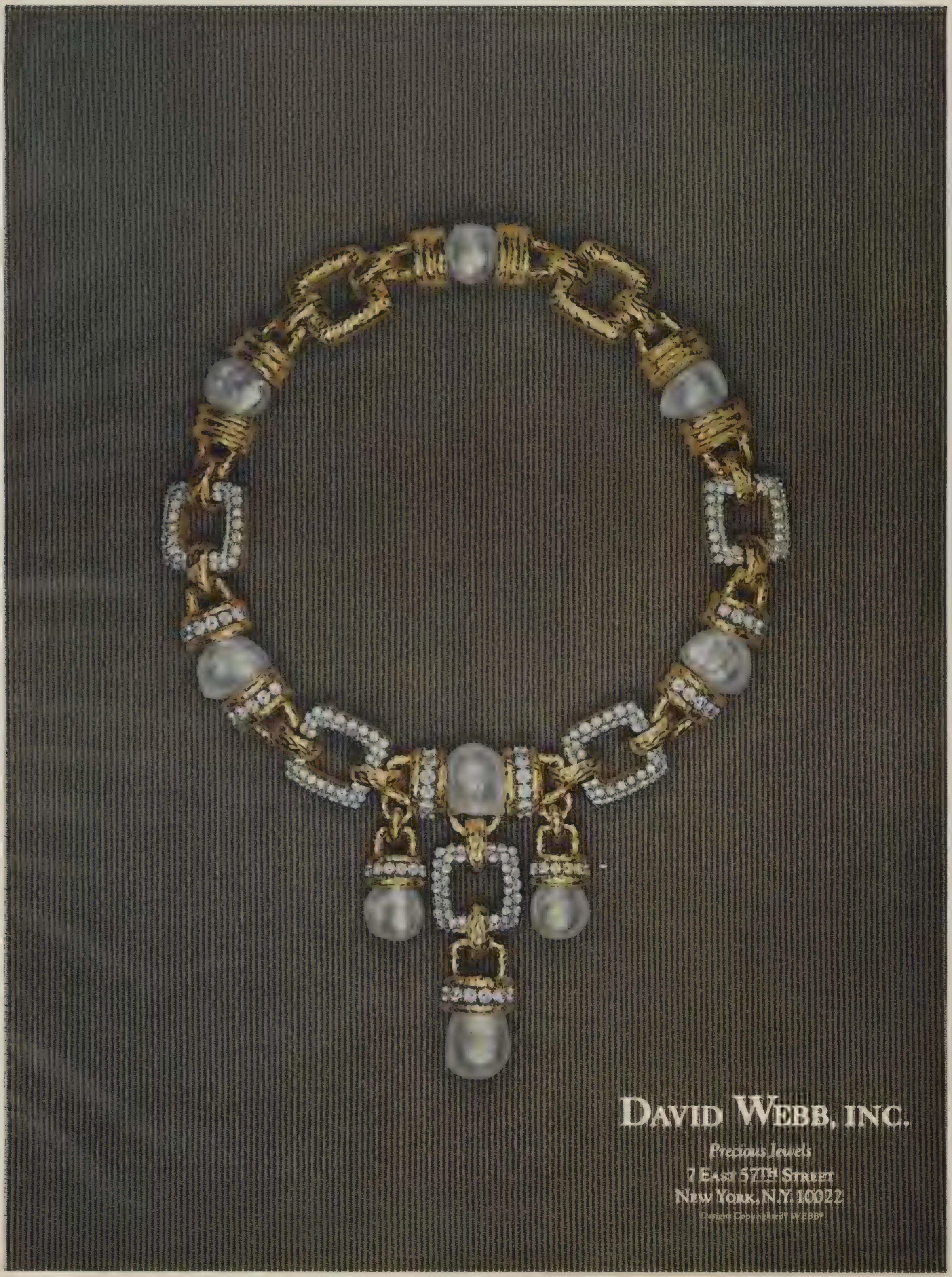
All you do is take it out of the box, give it a shake and a whisk of your brush and you'll look prettier instantly.

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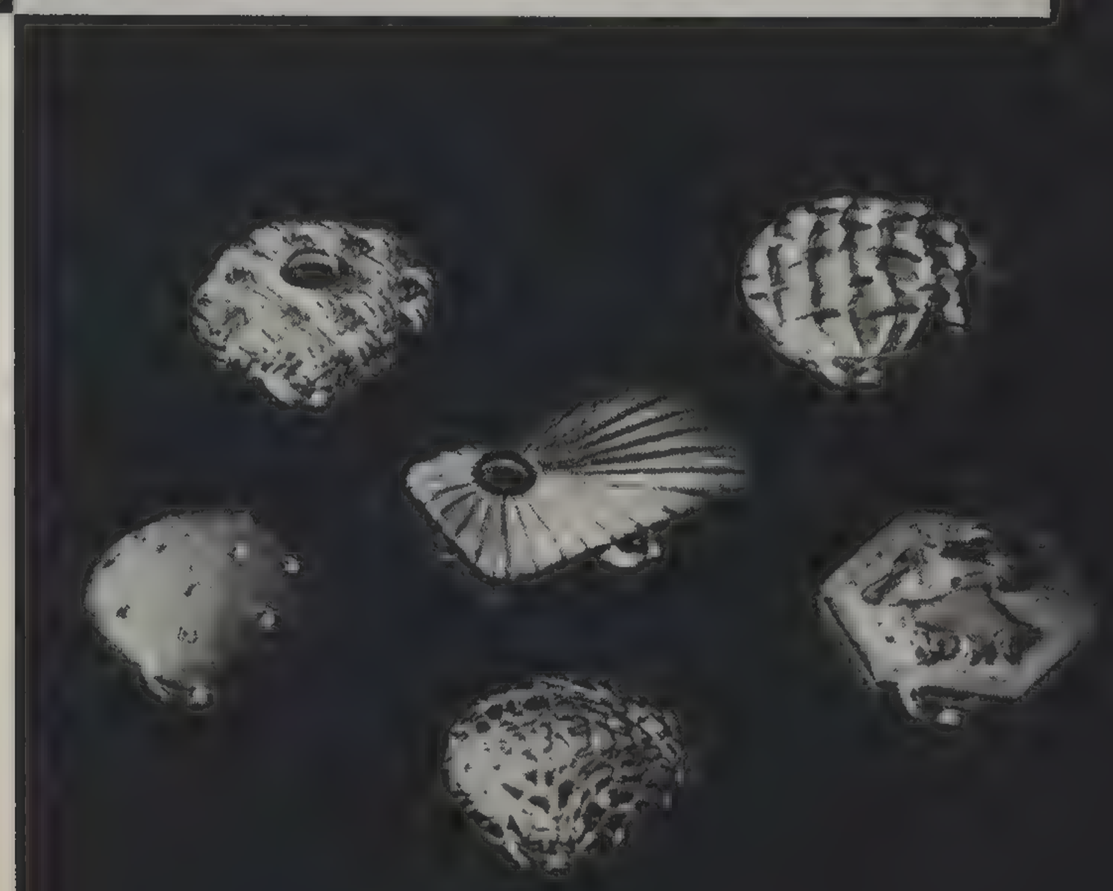
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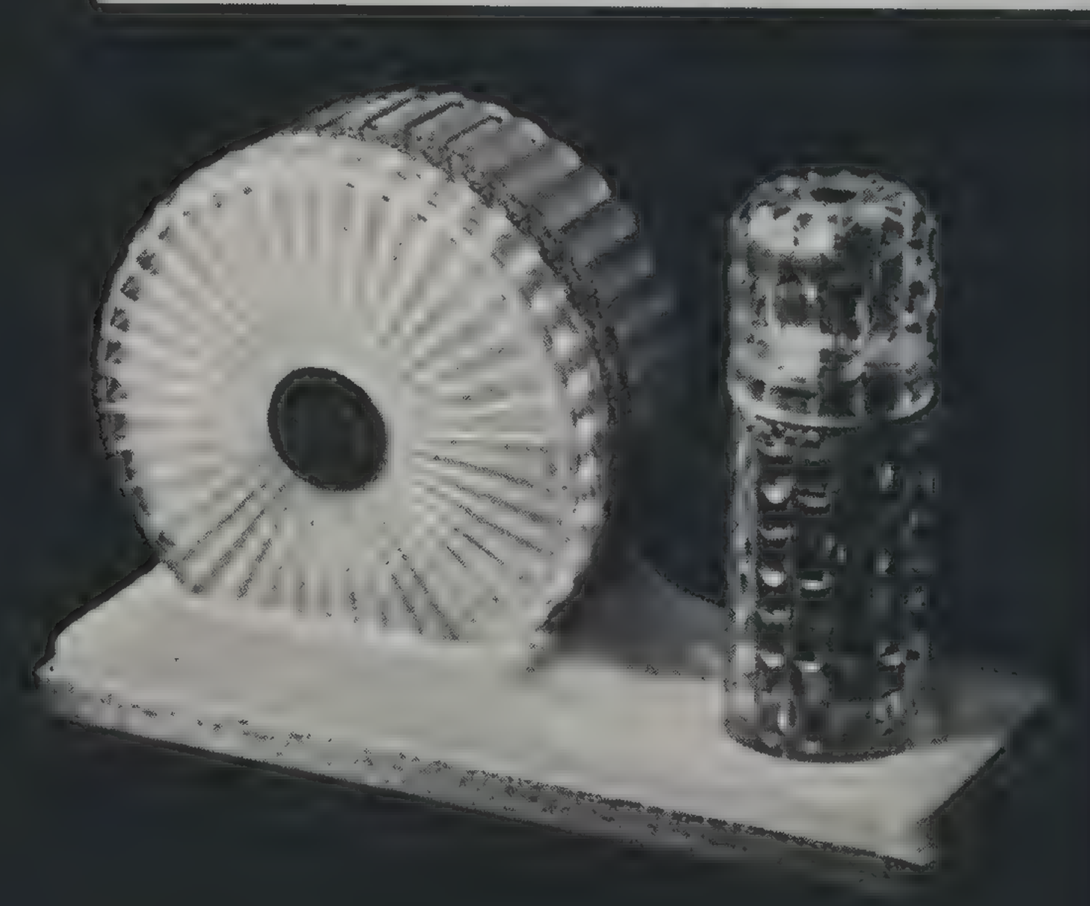
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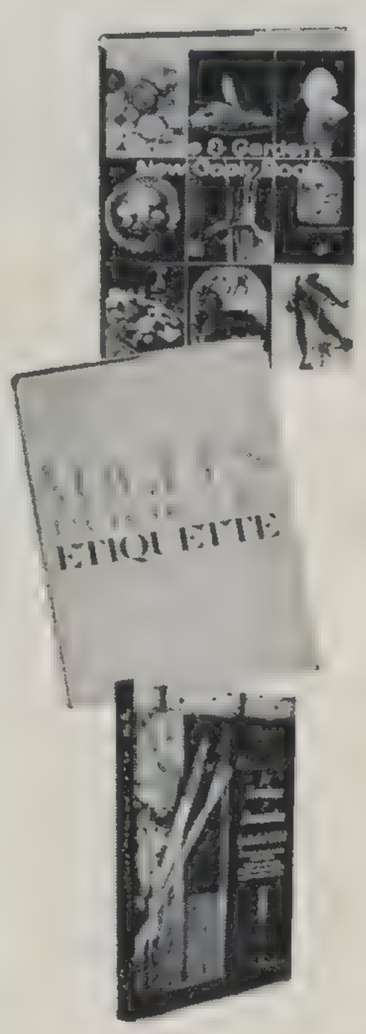
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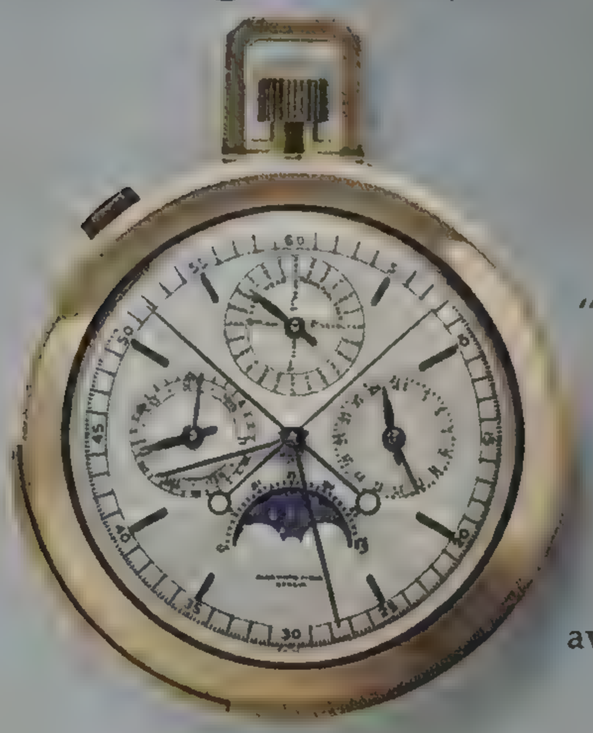
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Because this watch represents the sum of our knowledge and skill. But there in the palm of your hand you'll have what hundreds of years of Swiss watchmaking have all been leading up to. Of course there are Audemars Piguet's that are somewhat more available, at the prices of Ferraris, Mercedes, Cadillacs, even Fiats.



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Dr. Joyce Brothers and Bill Blass unmask the elegant woman.



Brothers: *I've heard the Blass customer called everything from a status seeker to a clothes horse. What do you think about that?*

Blass: That's nonsense. The woman who buys my clothes doesn't need to seek status. She's already got it. All she wants from clothes is comfort, style and simplicity. She doesn't go for fads or gimmicks. That's not exactly the picture of a clothes horse.

Brothers: *It is the picture of a very independent woman who knows what she wants.*

Blass: She definitely knows what she wants—and she's highly selective. She'll wait until she finds just the right dress in the right color and the right style.

Brothers: *That selectivity goes beyond fashion. Where most women will buy a lamp or a table to fill a space, this special woman will wait months, even years to find exactly the right table . . . or exactly the right man, if that's what is on her mind!*

Blass: My customer has her man, or had him! She's successfully married, or successfully divorced. In either case, she's a vital healthy woman, very alert and aware of what's going on around her. Her figure's usually great, and she works at keeping it that way.



Brothers: *While she isn't conscious of being sexy, she very often is. Her confidence in herself makes her feel at ease in almost any situation. Men and women, too, respond to her easy, relaxed manner, though women are often envious of her grace and composure. Mr. Blass, I've noticed you shied away from the word "elegant" when describing your clothes and the woman who wears them. Why?*

Blass: I think it's an overused word. I've always believed there are relatively few elegant people in the world. You've either got it or you haven't. When you've got it, well designed clothes can enhance it! I think my clothes do that.





Evening at the Blass-erie . . . a fluid affinity for the body. (opposite page) Dinner suit, deep in dolman sleeves—and a sudden narrow slash of skin. (above left) Nonchalant little body dress; cowl scarf, tossed-on cardigan—and a skirt slit to there, when it walks away. (above right) A mermaid flow of next to nudity . . . bra top silkens into skin with every turn! All in smashing colors . . . all in Onondaga's lush, lissome, incredibly silky double matte jersey of 100% Trevira® Star pentalobal polyester.
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Brothers: *Do you think your customers consider themselves as being elegant?*

Blass: I don't believe they think in those terms at all. They're natural people. They can afford to be selective and buy the beautiful things that suit them. They're also practical. They consider my clothes as they would an investment.

Brothers: *Mr. Blass . . . clothing designers have often been referred to as artists in the sense that a sculptor or a painter is an artist. Do you think of yourself as an artist?*

Blass: Not at all. I consider myself an expert in a craft. But an artist? I don't think so. And now, Dr. Brothers, let me ask you a question. As a psychologist, what do you consider the "elegant" woman has, that sets her apart?

Brothers: *In a nutshell . . . she has a deeper perception of beauty than most other women. And she has the ability to grasp her own truth and reality, which is the very essence of elegance.*



Blassport in motion—a city-scape of plaids and checks. (above left) Crosstown Plaid with new short clipped jacket and free-wheeling pants. (above right) Chess Board Checks . . . bold checked jacket, piped in the small checks of the pants. Each in a soft-handed blend from Bellaine Fabrics: 55% Trevira® polyester/45% wool.
Luncheon à la Blass . . . print Orientale—with its own cowl scarf and a cardigan making abstract waves. All in Onondaga's body-beautiful slink of silky, 100% Trevira® Star pentalobal polyester.
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The Blass Coterie (right) . . . out-size checks on a coat-skirt costume in Feld International of 55% Trevira® polyester/45% wool.
Bill Blass for Bond Street (below) sends the bush coat out into the rain in a fabric that can face it: Orsi's 100% Trevira® Star pentalobal polyester woven filament.
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As head of the Trevira Psychographics program, Dr. Joyce Brothers' psychological insights are helping Trevira make your life more colorful and more satisfying in the clothes you wear and the furnishings you buy for your home.

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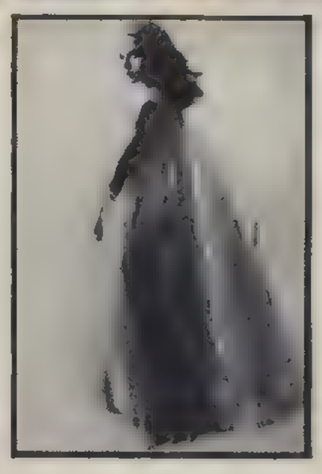


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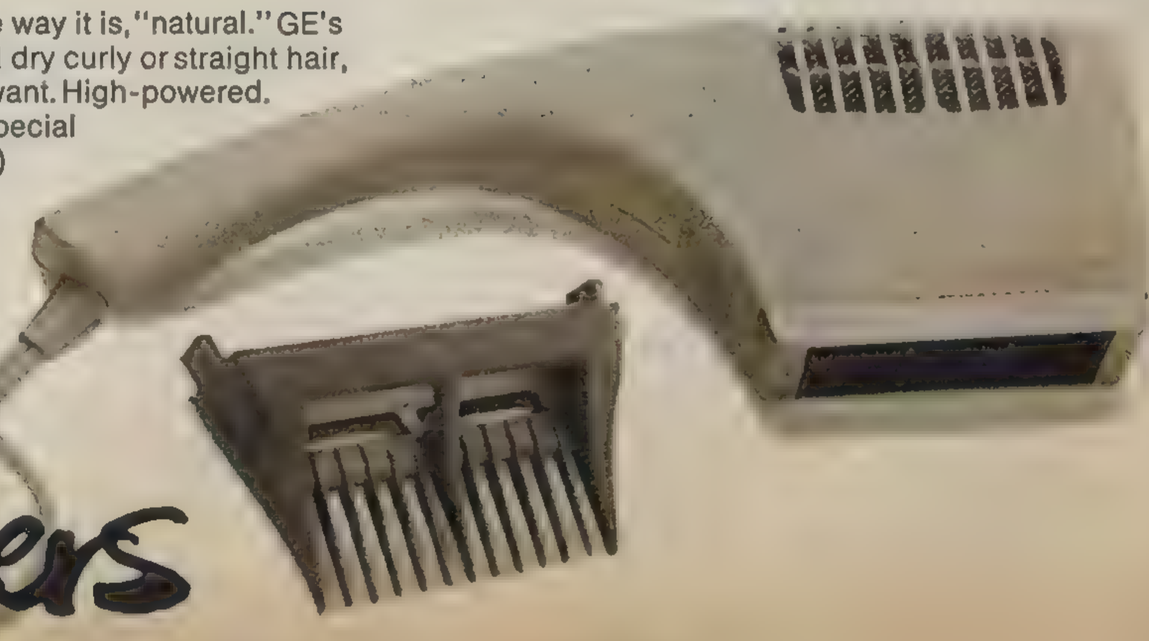
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Im·Peck & Peck·able. Out in the Bahama Out Islands. He never asks where I've been or what I do when I'm not with him.



Most of the beautiful islands in the world are in the Bahama Out Islands. Can you blame them? There's lots to do and lots not to do. Lots of people and lots of no people. Lots of places to stay and lots of places to run away to. All in 100,000 square miles of turquoise water.
From our Bahama Out Islands Collection: (left) Golfing at Great Harbour Cay. Or Treasure Cay. Or on Eleuthera. Madras plaid pants skirt in polyester knit, red/white/blue, 8 to 16 sizes, 28.00* Ribbed sports shirt, white polyester knit, 8 to 16 sizes, 16.00* V-neck cardigan, navy wool, S-M-L sizes, 22.00 (right) Cropped jacket and palazzo pants in black-grounded jungle print of white/blue/coral/green rayon crepe. The set, 6 to 16 sizes, 80.00* Aqua halter of Qiana® nylon, 6 to 14 sizes, 20.00* Exclusive for Peck & Peck
*Slightly higher on the West Coast

PECK & PECK
Fifth Avenue and Branches



Am I making myself unclear?



If an island like this existed, it would look like this.



Because he knew my mind before I did.

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I faced myself this afternoon and lived to tell it.



Bahama Out Islands. Not out of the way. Just out of this world. For the facts behind the feelings, send for the Bahama Out Islands brochures. Write to the Bahama Islands Tourist Office, 200 Southeast First Street, Miami, Florida 33131. Tell them to tell you everything.

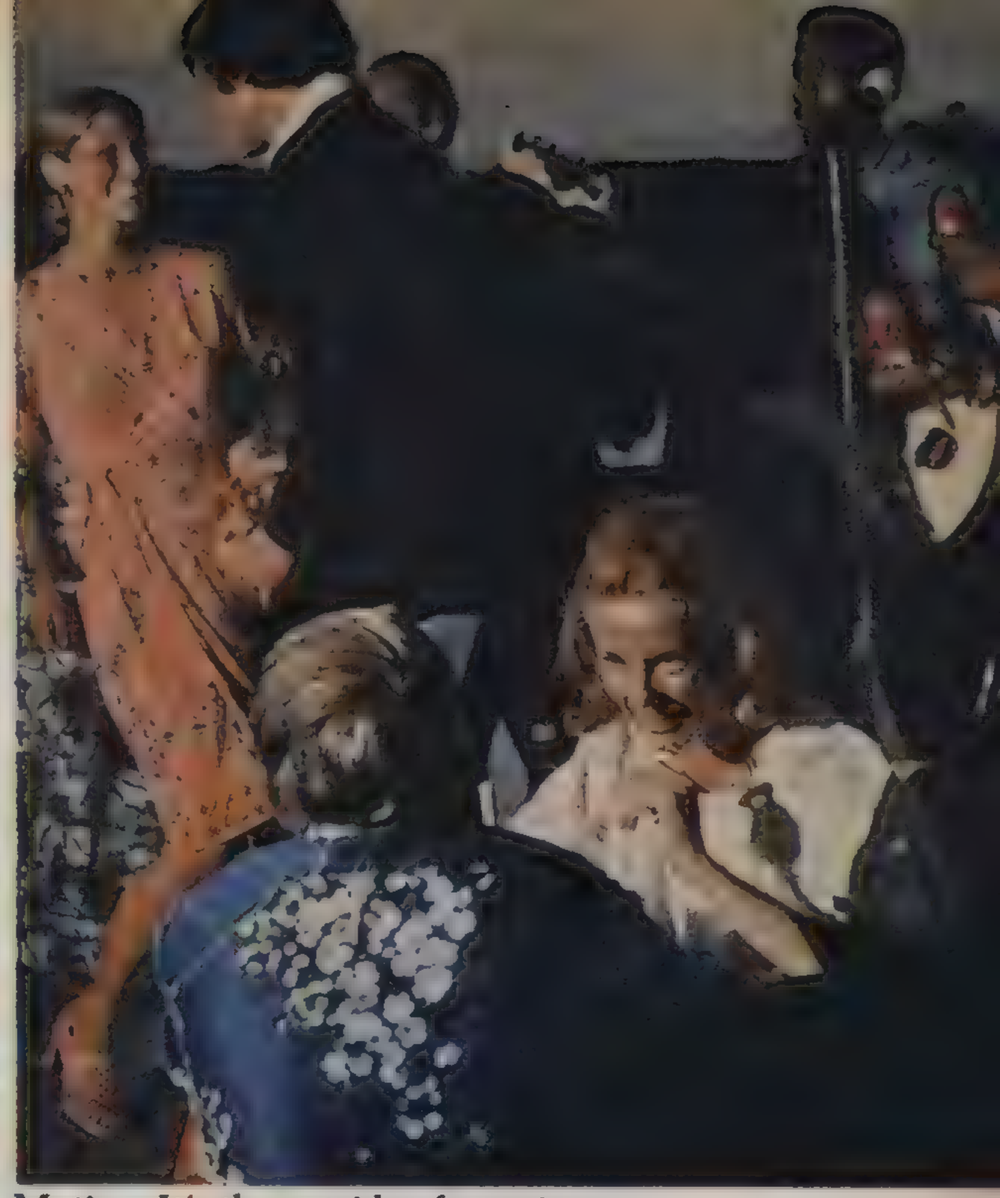
From our Bahama Out Islands Collection: (left) Wide-leg-palazzos plus a strapless, peplumed top. Black/white crepe of acetate/rayon, 6 to 14 sizes, 36.00* (right) Dolman-sleeved longdress in a beautiful print. With inset midriff, slit neckline, Antron® nylon knit, aqua, 8 to 16 sizes, 68.00* (dancing to Goombay) The wrap dress is a short version in the same type of print, Antron® nylon knit in a vivid shrimp pink, 8 to 16 sizes, 52.00*

*Slightly higher on the West Coast

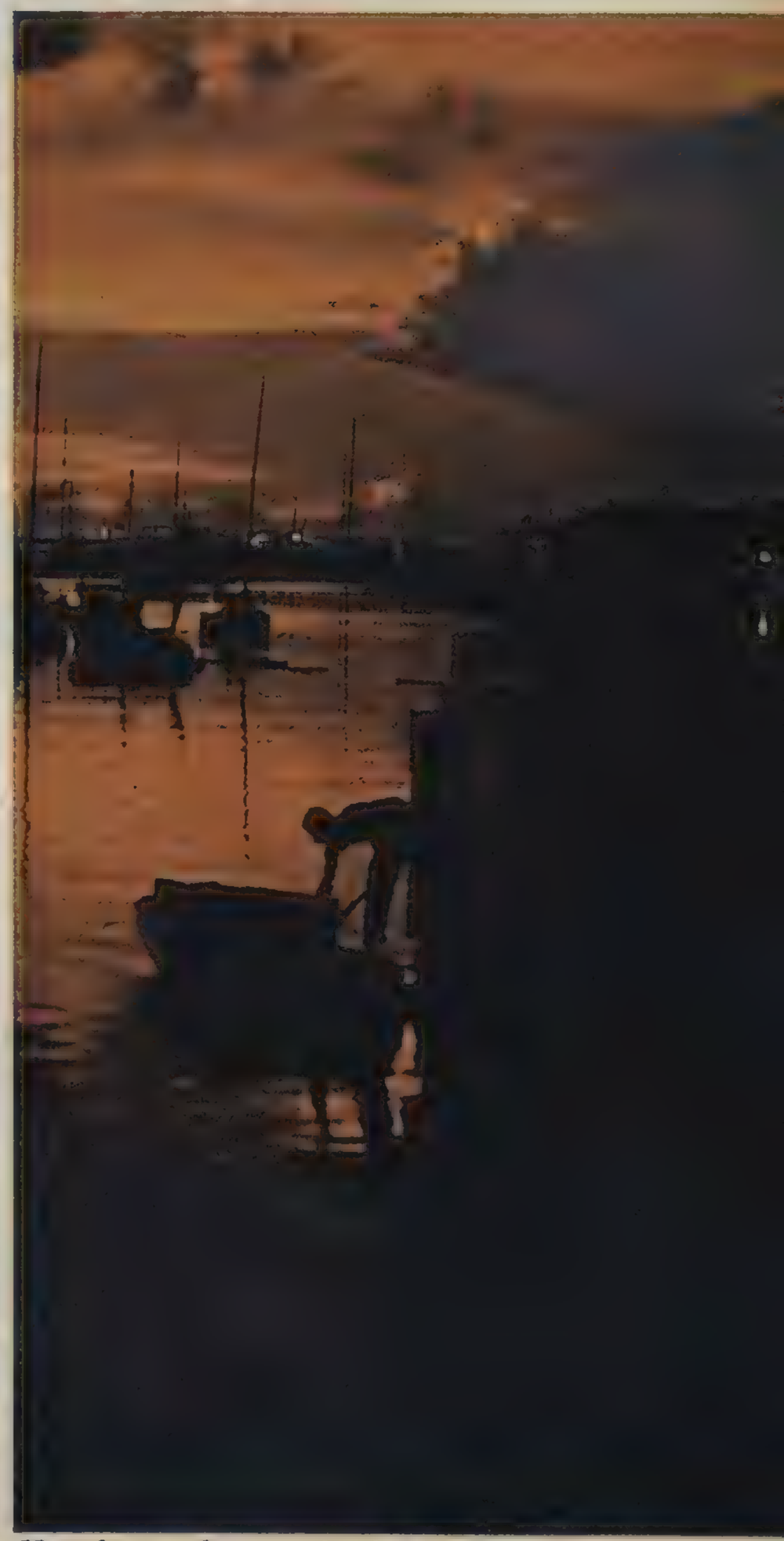
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Jasmin,
Ylang Ylang,
Clavel,
Sandalwood,
Orris,
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Musk,
Ambergris

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today's
woman wants
to know
the facts about
the fragrance
she buys.)



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VOGUE MONEY

BY SCOTT BURNS

WHAT PRICE CHILDREN?

$250,000 for three of the average kind, higher prices for the "advantaged"

Some friends of ours recently announced they simply *could not* afford another child. They could *barely* support their two girls. I was surprised, because people seldom discuss the cost of children in anything but the fatalistic tone usually accorded taxes and the weather.

Their claim seemed in conflict with their inescapable affluence. As they are the owners of a ten-room cooperative apartment in New York's East Seventies, a summer house, and assorted other goodies, most observers would be hard pressed to call our friends poor. How could this inconsistency be explained?

Research on the subject of family size has been accumulating as population problems become more pressing. The focus of much of this research has been economic, because incomes are more easily recorded than thoughts. One of the more eccentric results was a proposal that children should be considered Consumer Durables; like refrigerators and automobiles, they are used up in the process of providing psychic satisfaction. Since people tend to buy more refrigerators as their income expands, it follows they would also have more children. . . .

Most readers, I am sure, sense a fundamental conflict between their experience and the theory. People don't have more children as they have more income. In fact, it often seems that the relationship is the reverse; large families often develop around small incomes. Still, children are expensive; and economics ultimately plays some role in family size.

The Commission on Population Growth and the American Future has estimated that it costs the average middle-class family about $35,000 to raise a child to age eighteen and an additional $5,000 to send the child through a public university. Indirect costs are even larger. In deciding to raise a family, the average woman gives up $58,000 in income that she might have earned outside the home, assuming she remains home until her youngest child is fourteen. Women with advanced degrees give up an estimated $103,000 to be mothers. The June graduate who becomes a June bride and sweetly tells her new husband that she wants to raise three children is discussing a total commitment of about $250,000.

These figures are conservative, because they deal with the average—a life station to which few aspire. The economist Judith Blake said, "Concern with child quality is intensified among the more affluent by . . . social mobility."

"Child quality" means the advantages that parents supply to help their children to rise on the social or economic ladder. While some may scramble upward by means of good fortune and ability, it helps to have extra parental investment. The higher the socioeconomic level, the broader the scale of investment: nurses, household help, orthodontia, camps, music and danc- (Continued on page 201)

See Domani's gardens of delight at these fine stores:

Parisian.....Birmingham, Ala.
Bullock's.....California
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The Surrey Shop.....Menlo Park, Calif.
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Elizabeth Arden.....Hollywood, Fla.
Frock & Frill Shop.....Naples, Fla.
Ivey's.....Orlando, Fla.
Wolf Bros.....Tampa, Fla.
Anthony's.....West Palm Beach, Fla.
Burstein's Apparel.....Decatur, Ill.
Darlene Doyle.....Evergreen Park, Ill.
The Import Shop.....La Grange, Ill.
The Pink Veranda.....Oak Park, Ill.
The Park Shop.....Park Ridge, Ill.
D. J. Stewart.....Rockford, Ill.
La Boutique.....Wheaton, Ill.
Towne Shop, Inc.....Anderson, Ind.
Frances Shop.....South Bend, Ind.
Armstrong's.....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Petersen-Harned-Von Maur.....Davenport, Iowa
Embry & Co.....Lexington, Ky.
Godchaux's.....New Orleans, La.
Selber Bros.....Shreveport, La.
Hochschild-Kohn.....Baltimore, Md.
Hess' Apparel.....Salisbury, Md.
Jordan Marsh.....Boston, Mass.
Albert Steiger Co.....Springfield, Mass.
Jean Blackburn.....Dearborn, Mich.
Himelhoch's.....Detroit, Mich.
Alvin's.....Pontiac, Rochester, Troy and Flint, Mich.
Georgia's.....Fairmont, Minn.
Dayton's.....Minneapolis, Minn.
Miller & Paine.....Lincoln, Neb.
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Stern Bros.....Paramus, Willowbrook, Woodbridge, N.J.
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Country Flair.....Oneonta, N.Y.
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr.....Rochester, N.Y.
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Towne & Country Specialty Shop.....Bexley, Ohio
Melvine Miller.....Cleveland, Ohio
Jane Rumberger.....Columbus, Ohio
Rike's.....Dayton, Ohio
Singer's Style Shop.....Xenia, Ohio
Strouss'.....Youngstown, Ohio
Vickie's.....Cushing, Okla.
Rothschild's.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
Bove Fashions.....Kennett Square, Pa.
Watt & Shand.....Lancaster, Pa.
John Wanamaker.....Philadelphia, Pa.
The Peerless Co.....Providence, R.I.
Ruth Hammond Shop.....Easley, S.C.
Nancy Lynn Fashions.....Knoxville, Tenn.
John Gerber.....Memphis, Tenn.
Lester's.....Bryan, Tex.
Park & Martin.....Dallas, Tex.
Z.C.M.I., Cameo Room.....Salt Lake City, Utah
La Vogue Shop.....Newport News, Va.
Fashion Shop.....Suffolk, Va.
Rusan's.....Spokane, Wash.
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Left, in sizes 8-16; right, 6-16. Each, about $70. At Lillie Rubin, Miami Beach, Fla.; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Jacobson's, Mich.; Meier & Frank, Ore.; Woolf Bros., Kansas City, Mo. For stores near you, see opposite page.

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nylon
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Ready VOGUE BEAUTY

Natural hair helps—herbal conditioners, protein marching on

The coming-of-age of herbs and protein has probably helped hair as much as anything—and makers of hair products keep finding more and better ways to incorporate these natural benefits into everything that meets hair head-on. . . . The Pantene people, for instance, who have always been protective about hair, now come up with **The Set de Pantene,** a conditioning-setting lotion with a good dash of protein added. It's pretty, pearly, comes in three different colors to indicate natural, firm, or extra-firm hold. Gives hair, they say, more body, more shine. . . . From Clairol, there are two kinds of **Herbal Essence Creme Rinse.** Both are conditioners and de-tanglers, both contain natural essences of herbs and flowers that leave hair with a garden-fresh fragrance. One of the two has natural protein added for extra body—this is meant for limp and listless hair. . . . Dep, dep-endably, provides organic naturals in a couple of ways—**Balsam Mist,** a protein hair conditioner to spray on for instant conditioning and shine, and **Balsam Herbal Shampoo**—loaded with natural herbs—that's recommended for frequent shampooers. . . . All these, in travel-well containers; smart things to take south where hair needs extra fortifications.

The fragrant bath—news for in and after

New pleasantries for the bath, here, that scent, smooth, silken the skin. . . . **Herbal Bath Sacks,** part of the group of Herbessence Body Botanicals recently introduced by Helena Rubinstein. Each sack—there are ten to a package—is filled with a mix of herbs, oatmeal, tiny globs of perfume; bath water, endowed with this, turns blue-green. **Wolo Rosmarin Foam Bath Gelée,** made in Switzerland, freshly arrived in this country. Has natural oil of rosemary and wheat germ, does a lot of jobs—cleanses, scents, deodorizes, stimulates, also tints water sea-blue. For after-bath, **Parfum Gel** from Jean D'Albret, in their two famous fragrances—Ecusson and Casaque. This can be smoothed all over the body like lotion, not just dabbed on pulse points—its essential oils keep skin soft, supple, as well as scented. **Azurée Sunshine Cologne Splash,** by Estée Lauder, to use after-towel—comes in big flask-like bottles, smells wonderful, gives you the feeling of being out in the sun, by the sea. **Great Shakes** by Caron, after-bath talc now pouffing in from France in a pretty plastic shaker—white with black snowflakes. In their two big fragrances—Bellodgia, a spicy carnation scent, and Fleurs de Rocaille, like young flowers from a rock-group garden.



At fine department and specialty stores everywhere. For information: Braun North America, A Division of The Gillette Company, Dept.12V, 55 Cambridge Parkway, Cambridge, Mass. 02142

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CONTOUR/35 — containing NO HORMONES or STEROIDS — goes on easily . . . penetrates deeply . . . disappears quickly. Remarkable improvement has been experienced by almost every woman who applied my creme nightly as directed — it seemed to roll back the years to a younger-looking, firmer-appearing skin.

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Ready VOGUE BEAUTY

The half-cup that cheers and fortifies

'Tis the season when endurance and will power are in shorter supply than diet-wrecking sugar plums, late-night parties, and frenzied shopping. Just the time to lay in a supply of Natural Pep Power ($200) along with the mistletoe. . . . All the ingredients in the famous Adelle Davis "Pep-Up" formula pre-combined in one minute-sparing powder. You add it to skim milk, egg, soy oil, and honey. Mix, and sip slowly. There. In one half-cup serving, more than twelve grams of protein, B vitamins, lots of other nutritional necessities. So many good things, in fact, you'll feel fired up enough to outrace a reindeer, not to mention passing up the canapés. Twenty-four servings of Natural Pep Powder in a bottle, $6.95. At health stores around the country. . . .

New scents of shine

People with good scents are always spreading it around. The newest from Clinique: their Aromatics Polish. This little pot of pure shimmer carries the fragrance idea one step further—it not only scents and softens skin, it leaves subtle, pearly highlights wherever it goes—shoulders, throat, wrists, knees, hands, bare backs. And all that gleams is fragrant with the sexy Aromatics zest of orange flower, sandalwood, camomile, civet, jasmine, ylang-ylang, oakmoss, and rose. Allergy-tested like everything else Clinique, it's one fragrance that can't miss taking a shine to you.

Big plus for skin care

"Women are ready and eager to know more about their skin—what's being used and why. In this era of science and technology, everyone can be informed and get deeper into causes and results." This, from someone who knows —Paula Kent, the snappy redheaded president of Redken, a company known for putting their science to good use. First, it was hair treatments made with protein and other natural ingredients. And now, a whole new line of skin tenders, called pH plus—pH because all the products are acid balanced (meaning—in simple English—they fall in the range of acidity that best protects the skin's own acid mantle). The plus is for protein, vitamins, minerals, wheat germ oil, herbs, emollients, and a garden of other delights. Subtitled "the treatment collection for skin and psyche," everything feels good on and makes you feel that way right from the start. Five products in all: Deep-Cleansing Creme that washes off with warm water; Toning Skin Freshener braced with peppermint; a non-pulling Firming Facial Masque; rich Creme Concentrate for overnight conditioning; and Moisturizing Skin Balancer to wear all day to keep the skin's pH where it should be in the face of makeup, pollution, whatever. Everything at the beauty salon where you find Redken's hair goods.

Irma Shorell's amazing discovery . . .

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INSTANTLY DISPERSED—NOT GREASY

Its superior keratin moisturizing action works immediately to eliminate dryness of heels, knees, elbows. Your skin feels as soft and fluffy as cotton candy.

Not pore-clogging or heavily fragranced, BODY TREATMENT/35 clothes the body with a *MONOMOLECULAR VEIL OF PROTECTION that tends to prevent any undue loss of moisture from the skin.

WEAR WOOL WITHOUT ITCHING

Don't suffer the inconvenience of dry, itching skin one more day. Users report they can now wear wool and most blends for the first time in their lives.

See for yourself —start wearing those delightful knits immediately— thanks to the youthening BODY TREATMENT/35. There is no other product in the world like it.



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CLASSICS AFOOT

Michel Meynard

The lighter of the Maharajah.

The remarkable story of the first S.T. Dupont lighter.

Once, the world's values were different. Little things were considered even more important than big things.

S.T. Dupont of Paris made just such little things–*nécessaires de voyage*, fitted travel cases for the very, very rich. Hand-tooled in the costliest leathers, they opened to reveal gold pillboxes, crystal scent bottles, ivory combs and brushes–all that was then deemed necessary to overcome the rigors of travel.

They were owned by kings. And premiers. And the wealthier American railroad barons. So, of course, the Maharajah of Patiala, who had more wives and more automobiles than any king or premier or American, wanted one, too.

But the Maharajah wanted his to be bigger and costlier and more complete than any S.T. Dupont had ever made. He even insisted that it contain, of all things, a cigarette lighter.

The craftsmen of S.T. Dupont knew there was no lighter fine enough to belong in an S.T. Dupont *nécessaire*. So they set to work and fashioned their own, fit to take its place beside the ivory brushes and crystal flasks and gold pillboxes.

It was not long before S.T. Dupont cigarette lighters had become one of the secrets of the few, discussed no more than the name of one's tailor or bootmaker.

In time, the world changed. *Nécessaires* became less of a necessity. But the S.T. Dupont lighter has survived change, because it is still made with the same painstaking craftsmanship.

Made so carefully that it takes at least two months to create one single lighter. Made in 18 carat solid gold, heavy gold or silver finish, or authentic Chinese lacquer. In table models and in pocket models.



And each person who owns an S.T. Dupont lighter is party to a well-kept secret in today's world.

That little things still do matter.

S.T. Dupont
ORFÈVRES A PARIS

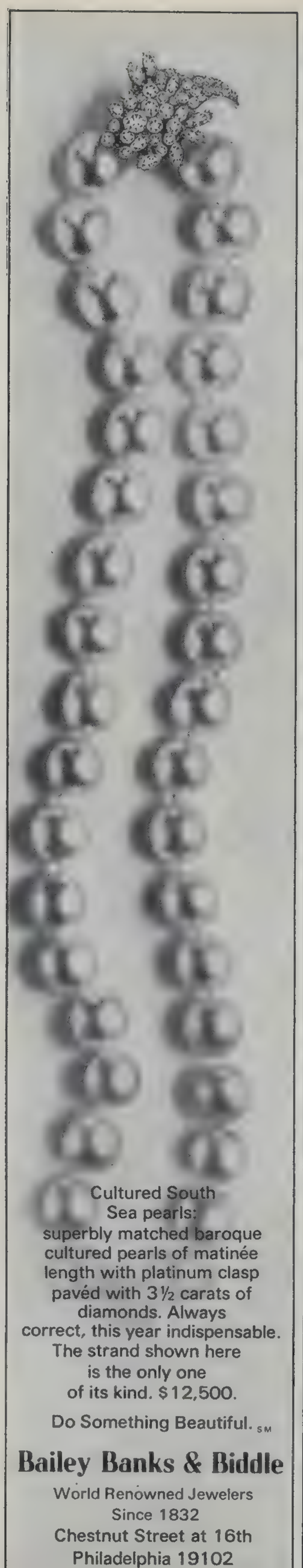
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VOGUEBEAUTY

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Born beautiful? Of course. But Cher was born smart, too, so . . .

She knows that making the most of what you have results in having more. . . . She corrected a straggly hairline with electrolysis to produce an intriguing widow's peak, managed to do away forever with the painful bore of eyebrow plucking with more electrolysis which permanently arched her eyebrows. "Plucking and shaving are out these days. Electrolysis is the answer. It works." It works especially well if you find an expert to do it. In Cher's case, Daniel Eastman is the expert. He has a studio for skin care, electrolysis, and cosmetology at 8560 Santa Monica Boulevard in Los Angeles. It's there that Cher goes three times a week for skin care. Her skin is more precious, and far more vulnerable than the diamond she holds on page 134. Since that marvelous skin takes a six-day-a-week beating under full theatrical makeup and hot lights, Cher needs thrice-weekly attention to massage, deep-pore cleansing, an infrared heat mask, and iced-astringent rinsing. For the rest of us, once-a-month is Mr. Eastman's suggestion. . . . Cher's daily at-home cleansing, also Eastman-prescribed, is a good idea for anybody any time. As she says, **"You can't paint a good face on a dirty canvas, that's why the skin-care game is so important."**

So skin starts healthy; she follows a diet lean on meat, long on fresh vegetables, with fish and fowl for minerals. . . . Cleansing begins with a special makeup-removing cleanser that is gently wiped off with a warm towel. She never ever uses tissues. Next, Daniel Eastman's Ph-balanced, hypoallergenic glycerin bar and warm water. Steaming now, with a facial sauna or fairly hot damp towels to open pores. Deep impurities are removed with a special cleanser that has the looks of caviar. Another brief stint in the facial sauna, then icy astringent from a bottle kept cold and handy in a bowl of ice cubes. Next, eye cream and Cher is ready for a new face. . . . **Cher has four basic makeups . . .** One of the most dramatic, the pink-all-over face for evening shown on the cover. Cher and Dan Eastman go about it as follows: a pale base overall . . . golden beige shading . . . highlight shading with rouge (under the cheekbones for definition, on the forehead above the temples, under the eyebrows) . . . grey-brown shading over the eye, and, very close to the upper lash, a bit of white . . . super-thin black line penciled at the lash line on the upper lid . . . false lashes are cut and shaped in case Cher doesn't happen to be wearing the individually-applied lashes which do her for four-week stretches . . . upward brushing of the eyebrows . . . now comes a light moisturizing with an avocado-and-cucumber lotion . . . fine, translucent finishing powder goes on next with a puff of sterile cotton . . . gleaming, high-sheen Burgundy lipstick goes on with a brush for the clear, definite outline possible only via brushwork (it echoes bright nails maintained by Minnie Smith of Beverly Hills) . . . a cold, damp natural sponge blots and blends everything and sets it . . . a specially-made finishing lotion of root and herbal extracts is splashed on to stop any run or shine and give the face a young, moist glow. . . .

"I try different things, using lots of color—color on the cheeks, the eyes, and the nails—reds and oranges that make me feel bouncy and vampy."



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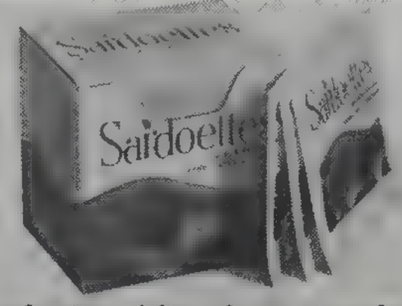
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12

VOGUE BEAUTY Checkout

Love, the Druids, and . . .

Some of the world's most famous wrists, male and female, are encircled by the gold Cartier Love Bracelet. It is attached to the wearer's wrist by tightening a tiny gold screw in the bracelet with a little gold screwdriver. The screwdriver is then kept by the giver as a token of fidelity, or given to the wearer as a symbol of her choice of maintaining the commitment. Of course, you know the bracelet, but you probably don't know the legend. . . . It seems that long ago an Irish queen was transformed by wicked Druids into a gentle fawn. Her disconsolate king had a golden bracelet fashioned for the fawn to wear, identifying her always as his so that hunters would neither slay nor capture her. The king's son grew to manhood, and had a similar bracelet made for his beloved as a symbol that she was his alone. The good Druids, sorrowing over the harm done by their errant brethren, invested the love bracelet with the power to bind forever the giver and receiver. . . . The gold Love Bracelet and gold screwdriver, by Aldo Cipullo—and a few good Druids to watch over you—all yours for $300 at Cartier. Or, head for the beauty counter, buy any Ultima II product, and, by terms of a Charles Revson idea, the purchase-with-purchase, become eligible to buy a golden copy of the Love Bracelet, screwdriver, and a copy of the legend for $4. Same Druids either way. . . .

"Dear Santa," Fifty lists for a beautiful Christmas

We asked half-a-hundred women whose careers are in fashion and beauty just what they would like for themselves from the beauty world at Christmas. . . . Perfume, like Abou Ben Adhem, led all the rest. . . . "I'm a creature of habit. Just love to have my husband give me whatever perfume he likes to sniff. And he's a creature of habit, so it's always Miss Dior." . . . "A very, very big bottle of Femme." . . . "Chanel #19." . . . "A bottle of Joy. Never had one. Always thought it might make all the difference in my life! (Though I fear it's a bit late in the day now.)" . . . "A good supply of expensive perfume in spray atomizers." . . . "L'Air du Temps." . . . "Aliage." . . . "Calandre." . . . "Norell." . . . Lots of women want delicious scent in other forms, too. . . . "Dozens of lavender sachets sewed in calico for bureau drawers, and especially stored suitcases." . . . "Perfumed soap—Joy—and both strawberry and tangerine soaps from 'i' cosmetics." . . . "Big cans of bath oil that you spray on after a shower to keep your skin moist and act as long-lasting perfume." . . . "Delicious scented flannels to line my dresser drawers." . . . Next came the wonderful services we all promise ourselves but too often neglect: "A year's subscription to exercises with Cori at Happy Body ($500)." . . . "A year with Kounovsky." . . . "Certificate for a massage at Elizabeth Arden, once-a-week for as long as possible." . . . "Once-a-month certificate for a salon facial cleansing." . . . "A month at Maine Chance." . . . "Someone to come to the house to do exercises with me *and* the children." . . . "An afternoon with Way Bandy to solve all my makeup problems" . . . "manicures" . . . "scalp treatments." . . . When it comes to products, a new blow dryer was top choice for ten women, four of whom specified that it have an international adapter. Also cited: "International Carmen curlers" . . . "a beautiful back brush" . . . "a basket filled with all sorts of sponges" . . . "a gift certificate to the corner drugstore" . . . "a facial sauna" . . . "Minnie nails." . . . "A batch of eye-shadow colors to play with. Say, all sixty shades made by Charles of the Ritz." . . . "A red or black satin bag for evening makeup to go inside my evening bag." . . . "Jars and jars of Cyclax Avocado cream and of Louis-Guy D's protein hair conditioner." . . . "Well-designed table to stow and shut away all my cosmetics and paraphernalia." . . . And one of our favorites will settle for: "An indoor swimming pool. Even a little one."

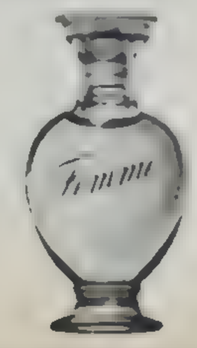


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MOVIES

Some bets to watch for

AVANTI, directed by Billy Wilder, with Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills. Billy Wilder has such a cynical eye for human frailties that he often seems to be the Alfred Hitchcock of comedy, murderous and playful at the same time. Jack Lemmon, whom Wilder directed in the nastily funny *The Apartment,* is a master of Wilder's frantic tricks. Almost a great show.

THE HEARTBREAK KID, directed by Elaine May, with Cybill Shepherd. The cinema underground is saying this movie will be as big a winner as *The Graduate.* Chuck Grodin, in his first starring role, is not another Dustin Hoffman. His funny charms are very much his own. And Elaine May is one of the best directors around.

JEREMIAH JOHNSON, with Robert Redford. Robert Redford could make it through his movies by sheer dint of his looks. This time he has a beard and a rough row to hoe. Some people went nuts for him in *The Candidate.* Maybe some will go nuts for him in this oater.

THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE, with Gene Hackman, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. *Airport* it's not. Filmed on the "Queen Mary," who in spite of it all retains her dignity, *The Poseidon Adventure* is about as exciting as one of those calorie cruises and about as fattening.

THE GETAWAY, with Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw. This is the one we've been waiting for—as breathlessly as we waited for John Gilbert and Greta Garbo in *Flesh and the Devil.* Steve and Ali don't let us down. They glow, flicker, and thrill. Who could ask for anything more?

THE NEW WAVE OF BLACK MOVIES: The movie box office is at its lowest ebb since 1946. The only news after a year of near-misses—with the exception of *The Godfather*—is the big success of black movies. The pace is right. The atmosphere is escapist. The first two big stars are, of course, Ron O'Neal in *Super Fly* and Diana Ross, making a stunning acting debut in *Lady Sings the Blues.*



SHEER DELIGHT

Maggie Smith can do no wrong

in Travels With My Aunt, the film version of Graham Greene's best seller, directed by George Cukor. Maggie Smith, *the* British actress of her generation, won an Oscar for her performance in The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie. Now, in London, she's playing opposite her actor-husband, Robert Stephens, in a smash revival of Noël Coward's Private Lives. "I don't suppose I look like the usual idea of a movie star. On the stage, you can get away with a lot. I think I've gotten into the movies by the back doors, on the coattails of the grand characters I play."



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☐ Please send me further information.
☐ If for a group, please specify_____.
Church, Class, Club, School, Business, etc.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

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or makeup or...something.
That was the day I tried Maja.
And there was the change I wanted!

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here's a surprise, it's also beautifully subtle,
heaven to wear, and I learned that every other
woman hasn't discovered it yet.
Maja says "me" in a new way—and that's
the change I was looking for.

Maja

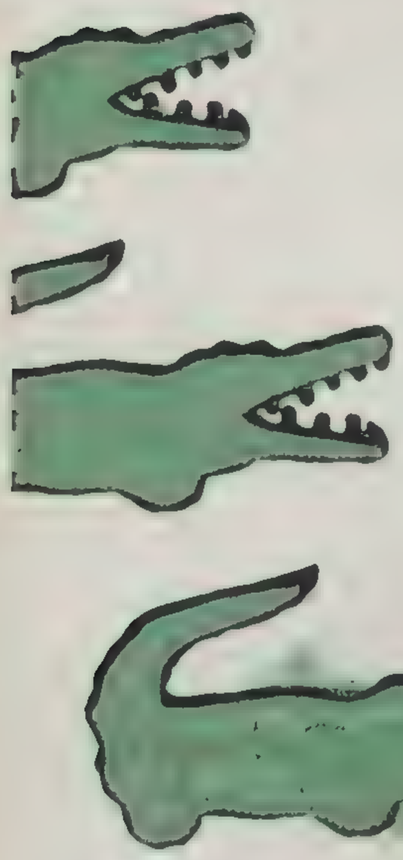
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VOGUE

BOOKS

Our choices, each with its Vogue ▼-rating

▼▼▼▼ BLACKBERRY WINTER: MY EARLIER YEARS, by Margaret Mead (William Morrow, 305 pages, $8.95). Margaret Mead, the American anthropologist who plays a sympathetic *materfamilias* to the young, has written the first volume to her autobiography, turning her perceptive, trained eye on her family. The impressive result is a vivid, amazing portrait of a woman who created a life in her own terms.

▼▼▼ EARS OF THE JUNGLE, by Pierre Boulle (Vanguard, 232 pages, $6.95). Pierre Boulle, the author of *Bridge Over the River Kwai* and *Planet of the Apes*, has a way with the great adventure of ordinary men dropped into unordinary situations. This suspense novel is set in the jungle of intrigue and military shenanigans that now covers Southeast Asia. Big stocking stuffer.

▼▼½ MARION DAVIES, by Fred Guiles (McGraw-Hill, 419 pages, $8.95). Marion Davies, a funny, vulnerable blonde who kicked off her career in the Follies, lost out in her career as an actress because William Randolph Hearst didn't know when to stop pushing. Here, in a half-portrait, we have a bit of a remarkable woman too long obscured by her fate.

▼▼▼ UPON THIS ROCK, by Aubrey Menen (Saturday Review Press, 184 pages, $12.95). The symbolic and historical role of St. Peter's Basilica, Rome, is well known. Aubrey Menen has uncovered a fascinating structure of surprising facts and old evidence, seen in a new light, that makes this biography of the church quite a story.

▼▼▼ THE ODESSA FILE, by Frederick Forsyth (Viking, 337 pages, $7.95). An instant candidate for bestsellerdom, a novel about an intriguing organization that hides the identities and activities of former SS members. Great fodder for the Conspiracy Theory and just plain good reading.

Vogue's rating: ▼▼▼▼ = *the best of books*



UNLIBERATION

Men, beware of women

The Manipulated Man, by Esther Vilar (to be published in mid-January by Farrar, Straus and Giroux; 192 pages, $5.95), is the first shot in a growing counter-surgency directed by women against Women's Lib. First published in Germany, where it was a best seller, *The Manipulated Man* asserts that women are lazy, selfish, stupid, and unfeeling and that men are slaves of women, working all their lives to support idle women and their taste for luxury. Born in Argentina, educated there and in Germany, Esther Vilar, who is thirty-six, said, "My book is rude. I wanted it to be. Women's Lib is peddling the same old myths. Men aren't tyrants. Women are."

Say "Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please" at these stores.

New York, N.Y. .....Bergdorf Goodman
Akron, Ohio .....M. O'Neil Company
Albany, N.Y. .....Pearl Ingham
Altoona, Pa. .....Meyer Jonassen
Amarillo, Texas .....Colbert's
Asheville, N.C. .....John Carroll
Atlanta, Ga. .....Rich's
Austin, Texas .....Scarbrough & Co.
Bal Harbour, Fla. .....Martha's
Baltimore, Md. .....Hutzler's
Baton Rouge, La. .....Gus Mayer
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Denver, Colo. .....Montaldo's
Des Moines, Iowa .....Younker Bros.
Detroit, Mich. .....J. L. Hudson
Dublin, Calif. .....Liberty House
Durham, N.C. .....Montaldo's
Englewood, N.J. .....The Engle Shop
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Jackson, Miss. .....Gus Mayer
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Lewiston, Me. .....Ward's
Lincoln, Nebr. .....Hovland-Swanson
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Miami Beach, Fla. .....Sandra Post
Milwaukee, Wisc. .....Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minn. .....Dayton
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John Wanamaker, Phila.; Bamberger's, N.J.; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; May Co., Cleve.

VOGUE

MUSIC

Our choices, each with its Vogue ▼-rating

▼▼▼ A GOLDEN AGE CHRISTMAS, with, among others, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, John McCormack, Enrico Caruso, and Rosa Ponselle (RCA). Christmas records are a minor industry in themselves, keeping bell ringers and hummers off the streets. This splendid re-recording is worth playing even if you hate Christmas. Schumann-Heink's "Silent Night" is *the* "Silent Night."

▼▼▼ SLADE ALIVE!, Slade (Polydor). Insiders say that, after T. Rex, this is the group to watch. They have a sly charm that, thank God, is four notches softer than hard rock.

▼▼▼½ EVERYBODY'S IN SHOW-BIZ, The Kinks (RCA). The Kinks have all the charming soft-hustle of the Beatles and a great sense of humor. Life may not be funny but "Acute Schizophrenia Paranoia Blues" is.

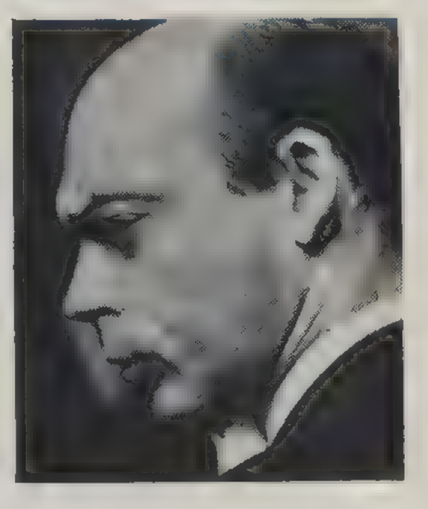
▼▼½ STONEGROUND WORDS, Melanie (Neighborhood). Melanie has a kind of gurgling innocence in her voice that lets her get away with murder. The songs on this album are so-so, but still you can't hear enough. More, more.

▼▼▼ HONKY-TONK STARDUST COWBOY, Jonathan Edwards (Atco). The Sunshine Kid, Jonathan Edwards, does a lot with a harmonica and a guitar. It isn't Western, it isn't Hillbilly. It's pure Sunshine moonshine.

▼▼▼½ DEBUSSY: ESTAMPES, POUR LE PIANO, IMAGES POUR PIANO, Michel Beroff (Angel). Beroff, the twenty-two-year-old French pianist, making his American debut with this album, plays Debussy without the Romantic-impressionism of older pianists. His style is clear, his playing brilliant. A real find.

▼▼▼ ME AND BOBBY McGEE, Kris Kristofferson (Monument). For all his aggressive anti-womanizing, Kris Kristofferson has a sensitive heart and a steady eye for the song that will hit its mark. And it's the deadly accuracy of his songs that have made him the center of a cult that not only includes teeny-boppers but Johnny Cash.

Vogue's rating: ▼▼▼▼ = *the best of music*



JANOS STARKER

Fame has come to Janos Starker, forty-eight, the cerebral cellist who has a wicked way with both his tongue and his bow, after fourteen years of shuttling back and forth between the campus of Indiana University in Bloomington, where he lives and teaches, and the concert stage. His appearances in New York have been rare—five concerts in ten years—Starker is not easy on the conductor, the audience, or himself. His stage presence is cool, some say cold. But his playing is first-rate, a revelation, "the King of Cellists." "As far as I'm concerned, there are three cellists in the world and I'm one of them. The other two are better known, but that's success. I'll have my turn."

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16 *Vetiver*
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Please, use the numbers of the scents when filling in the coupon below.

3 oz. $4.00, 8 oz. $8.75, 16 oz. $16.00, ½ gl. $60.00
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VOGUE HEALTH

BY MELVA WEBER

Head doctors... stomach outeries... and exercise for breasts

THE RIGHT DOCTOR FOR YOUR MIND

If your doctor should suggest that you consult a psychiatrist, how would you feel: outraged? . . . frightened? . . . determined to consult another physician? . . . or confident that your doctor is helping you by referring you to the specialist you need? The magazine *Medical World News* arranged a consultation to explore this doctor-patient problem with Dr. Jacob Swartz and Dr. John J. Schwab, both psychiatry professors, and Dr. Patrick L. Thompson, who's a family-practice doctor.

An English survey had found that about half of the physicians questioned felt reluctant to make psychiatric referrals, because they thought patients would be offended; but Dr. Schwab found only five patients in a group of thirty felt hostile when their doctors suggested psychiatry. Some other English doctors were unwilling to label their patients as "mental cases"; but the three U.S. doctors said their reasons for referring or not referring a patient for psychotherapy were based entirely on the benefit for the patient. Dr. Thompson said any patient with a severe or crippling emotional disorder should be treated by a psychiatric specialist; he gives psychotherapy when it's medically indicated, will refer any patient who isn't being helped to a specialist. Dr. Schwab said the first psychotherapist should refer any patient with whom he feels a personality conflict to another doctor. Dr. Swartz believes that the family doctor is an excellent person to give supportive therapy if he keeps up with new ideas and developments in psychology. It's especially important to provide a psychiatric specialist when the patient is in a lawsuit involving nervous or emotional damage; then the professional psychiatrist is the best expert witness.

NURSING MOTHERS . . . AND FATHERS

The wave of love and tenderness that washes over a mother when she takes her new baby in her arms used to get the credit for the secretion of prolactin, the pituitary hormone that regulates the flow of milk in the breasts. Dr. William H. Dougha-day, endocrinology chief in the medical department of Washington University in St. Louis, has found that the emotion may start the flow but that the prolactin release necessary for the breasts to continue producing milk depends entirely on the mechanical stimulation of the breasts provided by the sucking of the baby. It's this stimulation that enables wet nurses to continue suckling other women's babies for long periods of time.

Dr. Robert Greenblatt, chairman of endocrinology at the Medical College of Georgia, said that interference with hormonal controls can cause milk production in women who have never been pregnant—or even in men. The hypothalamus gland is the guard against unneeded release of prolactin from the pituitary; upsetting the pituitary (Continued on page 95)

There's a brand new bee
buzzing around that says
diamonds can go everywhere.
Especially straight to a girl's head.

A diamond is for now.



Let there be woman.

From the garden of Eve: a very beautiful, very lasting, very sensuous French perfume unlike any other in the world. In that small bottle, a melange of eighty-five fragrant floral oils plus Eve's eternal secret... the one oil that makes all the others last.

Eve Parfum and Eau de Parfum at discriminating fragrance counters. © Eve of Roma Corp. 1972

VOGUE HEALTH

Continued from page 92

can cause swollen breasts or lactation. Some tranquilizers influence the hypothalamus; surgery sometimes causes the upset; endocrine tumors have sometimes effected this milk-producing change; and the birth-control pills are causing increasing numbers of cases of lactation without pregnancy.

Dr. Greenblatt has made a collection of accounts of strange breast-feedings. From earliest history, grandmothers have served as wet nurses when the mothers' milk supplies failed; and there are even some accounts of fathers who suckled their children. It's possible that breast-stimulating exercises during pregnancy could help new mothers to successfully breast-feed their babies—without any help from the rest of the family.

DRINK RATINGS: "A" MEANS ALCOHOLIC

A drinker may be medically alcoholic if he or she . . .

- Drinks the equivalent of a fifth of whiskey a day for a 180-pound person
- Has alcoholic "blackouts"
- Experiences withdrawal symptoms—gross tremors, hallucinations, convulsions, or delirium tremens
- Can have high blood levels of alcohol—more than the drunk-driving limit—without seeming drunk
- Continues to drink against medical advice or in spite of family or job problems clearly caused by drinking

These are a few of the guidelines being developed by the National Council on Alcoholism and tested in major hospitals across the country by rating them against separate diagnoses by experts. The council, headed by Dr. Samuel C. Kaim, aims to develop medically and legally sound diagnostic standards, both to help problem drinkers toward treatment and to protect the rights of people unfairly accused of alcoholism. Drinkers who run special risks of becoming alcoholic are those who: have a family history of *either* alcoholism or teetotalism; come from broken homes; are the last children in large families; or have, in more than one generation, female relatives with recurrent depressions.

LISTEN TO YOUR BODY TALK

If you have a weight-gain problem, stay alert to your body's messages saying "enough." The American Journal of Clinical Research reports tests showing that obese persons may fail to recognize the point of satiety and thus go on eating and drinking beyond their body needs. In one test, while overweight people and normal-weight people watched slide films of foods, an appetizing beverage was offered at intervals. Eventually, each slide-watcher would say "no thanks" to the drink—the whole point of the test. The heavies tended to view more food pictures, taking more drinks in the process, than skinnies. There's additional evidence, according to National Dairy Council's Nutrition News, that overweight people are highly sensitive to the taste, smell, and sight of food but are not so sensitive to their internal signals for control of food intake.



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FROM DECEMBER 1 THROUGH DECEMBER 31

Vogue HOROSCOPE

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



LEONID BREZHNEV

In the chart: his big decision in December will be a happy surprise

Leonid Brezhnev, general secretary of the Communist Party in the Soviet Union, was born December 19, 1906, with a chart that is unexciting—almost bland: Sun and Mercury (reasoning) were in Sagittarius—the sign of sellers. The Moon in Aquarius was at a good aspect to the Sun, showing world fame. Mercury (thinker) at an angle to Saturn makes him an expert bargainer. A trinity of planets in Water signs points to skill in bringing harmony to his people.

ARIES, March 21–April 19

Love: *harmonious*
Work: *important*
Money: *three sources*
Health: *exuberant*

You enjoy a headlong plunge into new ventures, gambling on the results. Go ahead now while your ruler, Mars, is in thorough Scorpio, joined by Venus (money) and Mercury (pledges). There should be three partners. For total success, make your move just before full moon, December 20.

April 20–May 20, TAURUS

Since you prefer to work in cooperation with others, now—with your ruler, Venus, in Scorpio—you should find forceful associates who will support your program financially as well as insisting that you take action before the new moon, December 5. For success, end by full moon, December 20.

Love: *quite active*
Work: *through partners*
Money: *many offers*
Health: *stimulated*

GEMINI, May 21–June 20

Love: *someone new*
Work: *important*
Money: *depends on timing*
Health: *brisk*

You prefer to communicate by speaking, to feel the audience's response, which stimulates your ideas. Now, while your ruler —Mercury—is in Scorpio, you should remain behind the scenes. About full moon, December 20, you can begin to publicize; your idea can succeed at the month's end.

June 21–July 22, CANCER

Your symbol is the crab: you are inclined to hide away. Now is the time to come out of your shell. Your ruler is the Moon; start at new moon, December 5, to expand in love and business; complete your action by full moon, December 20. The results will fulfill your greatest hopes.

Love: *ardent*
Work: *new interests*
Money: *two sources*
Health: *vigorous*

LEO, July 23–August 22

Love: *adapt*
Work: *cautiously*
Money: *speculative*
Health: *be on guard*

Your sunny nature is inspired now, while your ruler—the Sun—is in a Fire sign—Sagittarius; but beware of the curves ahead. Three planets are in Scorpio at an angle to Leo; you could be outmaneuvered by partners. You can win after full moon, December 20. *(Continued on page 98)*

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HOROSCOPE

Continued from page 96

VIRGO, August 23–September 22

Love: *smooth*
Work: *strenuous*
Money: *fast*
Health: *beaming*

Use your efficient methods to deal firmly but diplomatically now; otherwise, partners may force you off the track. Halfway through the month, ease out of competition and just coast to the full moon, December 20. At the end of the month, an unexpected turn of luck delights you.

September 23–October 22, **LIBRA**

The peace and calm you need for balance may be disturbed now; your ruler, Venus, is in troublesome Scorpio. Business associates will not be cooperative until mid-month. After the full moon, December 20, all will flow smoothly, particularly with the one you love.

Love: *speculative*
Work: *absorbing*
Money: *depends on goal*
Health: *rest more*

SCORPIO, October 23–November 21

Love: *exciting*
Work: *invigorating*
Money: *quite good*
Health: *strong*

Since Venus (money) and Mercury (persuasive talker) are with your ruler, Mars, in your own sign, you are at the peak of performance until the full moon, December 20. You can manipulate on three levels, doing well in contracts, in financial dealings, and in your love life.

November 22–December 21, **SAGITTARIUS**

You hate to work behind the scenes, but now you must do so. The mistakes of others could blunt your progress if you expose your plans at this time. At full moon, December 20, Venus (love and social) enters your sign, making this a good time for launching your new idea.

Love: *two admirers*
Work: *great potentials*
Money: *prospects fine*
Health: *relax*

CAPRICORN, December 22–January 20

Love: *secret love*
Work: *comes easy*
Money: *good*
Health: *steady*

You are strengthened by the promises of two reliable friends. Keep optimistic and alert; move swiftly but secretly in initiating your move toward your aim. Jupiter in your sign gives confidence and luck. You are attractive to those who need your counsel and love.

January 21–February 19, **AQUARIUS**

Your ruler, Uranus, remains in Libra, (partners): advancement comes through important friends who wish to sell your ideas. You will lose if you allow yourself to be distracted by social demands. After full moon, December 20, two propositions bring you a new life-style.

Love: *off-key*
Work: *promote it*
Money: *promising*
Health: *avoid pressures*

PISCES, February 20–March 20

Love: *secure*
Work: *new*
Money: *prospects good*
Health: *fair*

The new moon on December 5 is at an angle to your ruler, Neptune, could discourage you from your plan. Persevere; from mid-month you will gain strength. After full moon, December 20, you will be asked to head a program; settle quickly. Luck follows with backing by a powerful friend.



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VOGUE TRAVEL

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

700-ISLAND SURPRISE



Bahama Out Islands —a spill of hundreds —sunny, civilized magnets for life at any outdoor pace, racing to idling

The Out Islands—streaked in sunshine, circled in blue-green sea—share one specialness: each is different. If you've been to one, you don't know them all: even though these lumps of islands may be only twenty air minutes from the city of Nassau on New Providence Island (which along with Paradise and Grand Bahama Islands are not "out"), they seem remote. What really adds to that feeling of escape is the adventurous way of reaching them: commercial air service links some with Nassau and Florida, but the quickest way to most is by private plane—provided by many of the resort places—or by chartered plane.

Resembling stationary yachts, the Out Islands have built-in requirements and pleasures. What intensifies the "out" feeling of these clean, unpolluted islands is the chancy, slow telecommunication system, sometimes by marine radio telephone. After living—remarkably well—for days without newspapers, people who do get hold of one are shocked by the ink smudges on their hands. Radio brings world news from Florida; local radio stations with crackling background noises broadcast weather and messages about families—their health, births, asking them to communicate: listening has the fun of eavesdropping.

Among the seven hundred islands and two thousand cays of the Bahamas—stretching from fifty miles off the coast of Florida to fifty miles away from Haiti—are these special ones (going from north to south):

FISHERMAN'S PARADISE: Walker's Cay Club spreading over all of a small, green island provides almost anything sport fishermen might dream of: a new, protected marina with seventy-five slips; dock facilities that include an air-conditioned room for cleaning fish, as well as a clubhouse and cottages.

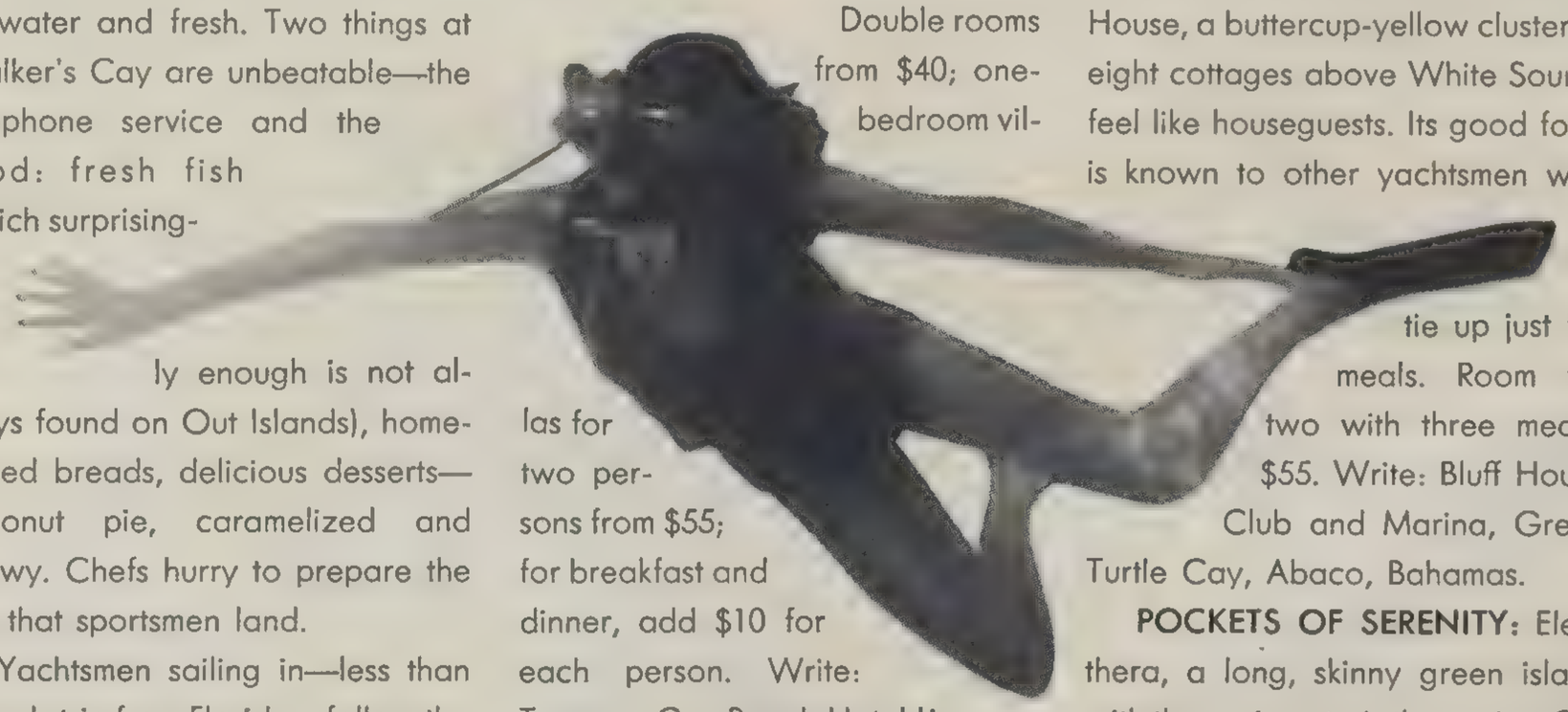
Brick paths, shaded by enormous grape trees, curve by the Mariners' Chapel, edge lawns and two pools: seawater and fresh. Two things at Walker's Cay are unbeatable—the telephone service and the food: fresh fish (which surprisingly enough is not always found on Out Islands), homebaked breads, delicious desserts—coconut pie, caramelized and chewy. Chefs hurry to prepare the fish that sportsmen land.

Yachtsmen sailing in—less than a day's trip from Florida—follow the Club's new chart; guests flying in on private planes are met at the airstrip. Most people arrange to be picked up by the Club's twin-engine plane at Fort Lauderdale for the fifty-minute flight.

For two persons in a double room, $45 without meals; for each of the two circular villas—two double bedrooms, lounge, kitchen—$120 without meals. For reservations, write: Walker's Cay Club, P.O. Box 22758, 300 S.W. 41st Street, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33315.

FAMILY PLACE: On the Abaco Islands, Treasure Cay, a wooded area by the sea, is a community of sixty villas fanning out from the hotel —which has thirty-five rooms, pools, a restaurant, and a dark piano bar that draws islanders.

Everything is walking distance at Treasure Cay; the four-mile beach, of course; the five tennis courts, two for night games; the shopping center and the marina with "This Must Be The Place": a snack bar under coconut palm fronds. Guests ride golf carts to the championship golf course, often lunch or dine at the clubhouse overlooking the mangrove-circled lagoon—excellent for bonefishing.



Double rooms from $40; one-bedroom villas for two persons from $55; for breakfast and dinner, add $10 for each person. Write: Treasure Cay Beach Hotel Limited, P.O. Box 3941, Miami, Florida 33101. Commercial planes fly daily to Treasure Cay Airport (international status).

ON THE OPPOSITE SHORES: Treasure Cay Airport is also the landing strip for those heading for Green Turtle Cay, a hilly, wooded island reached by a putt-putt ferry.

For people looking for a New England seaport town with a South Seas beachcomber pace, the New Plymouth Club & Inn in the middle of town is just right: eleven rooms with scrubbed pine floors and sprigged wallpaper, some overlooking the harbor. For two, $50 with three meals: Write: New Plymouth Club & Inn, Green Turtle Cay, Abaco, Bahamas.

Continuing on by ferry across the "passage" to the end of the White Sound, one comes to the cottage colony—a baker's dozen—of Green Turtle Club and Marina—a fishing camp stacked on a hill with comforts, good food. New lure: five villas and five boat slips on the Sound. Double room for two, $40 without meals. Write: Jack Huegen, 929 Sunrise Lane, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33304.

Sportsmen holing up at Bluff House, a buttercup-yellow cluster of eight cottages above White Sound, feel like houseguests. Its good food is known to other yachtsmen who tie up just for meals. Room for two with three meals, $55. Write: Bluff House Club and Marina, Green Turtle Cay, Abaco, Bahamas.

POCKETS OF SERENITY: Eleuthera, a long, skinny green island with three airports, is the easiest Out Island to reach—twenty minutes by air from (Continued on page 102)

B. K. KUDELSKI



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VOGUE TRAVEL

Continued from page 100

Eleuthera, deceptively "deserted" island

Nassau—and deceptively appears deserted. There are few signs of its many handsome resorts and private houses, often reached by dirt turnoffs from the main road. On Eleuthera, people set their own timetables, juggle active sports during the day with quiet evenings. At night, men wear ties and jackets, women look especially pretty.

Rock Sound Airport is the nearest to the southern end of Eleuthera, the most developed part of the island.

Three different resorts named after the town Rock Sound come under one management. Rock Sound Club Plantation Estate has bungalows in gardens, dining room and terrace around a big pool, gift shop with delicious soaps and is a great spot for families who after breakfast take off for the beaches in cars or on bicycles with snorkels, fins, and picnic boxes. About $60 for two with breakfast and dinner. (Rock Sound rates for children under twelve sharing their parents' room is an additional $12; for older ones, $15.)

The Rock Sound Club at Cotton Bay, famous for its Robert Trent Jones golf course, slow curve of beach, and cozy cottages, receives only members in winter; but guests from the other Rock Sound places may arrange to golf there.

The Rock Sound Beach Cottages on Winding Bay (a five-mile span of sandy beach), standing in small plots of lawn and palms, fills up with doers who play tennis—courts lighted for night games—and go in for sea sports, including scuba diving. During the holidays, boys and girls wear their "square" resort clothes dining with their parents. About $75 for two with breakfast and dinner. Leonard Hicks represents these resorts; New York address: 1345 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

On the southwest end, the new Cape Eleuthera development is growing. After a complete overhaul, the marina with dockmaster, yacht club, the works, is in business; the eighteen-hole golf course is being groomed for spring play; already the Country Club with restaurant and lounges swings; the two dozen villas around a star-shaped pool fill up; and property owners are poring over blueprints. Rooms in the villas, $78 for two; includes breakfast and dinner. Write: Cape Eleuthera Country Club, P.O. Box 7000, Miami, Florida 33152.

Windermere Island, an untrampled sliver of Out Island with spectacular white beaches on both sides—the Atlantic and the unruffled Savannah Sound—is a preserve for privacy linked by a bridge to Eleuthera. Even though a certain span of houses hidden by greenery on the sand dunes is called "Peer's Row," because of the titled owners, Windermere is a do-as-you-please place with a small club.

The Windermere Island Club, a compound of peaked roofs in gardens under palms, has twenty double rooms. It has the signature of Annie Orr-Lewis, who did the decorating: the octagonal bar with an upstairs lounge—wicker chairs, ceiling fans, backgammon and chessboards, a telescope for star-watching—overlooks the pool and the superb five-mile beach.

Tennis is big at Windermere; courts with baby bleachers for tournaments. The Club provides rackets, bicycles, everything for fishing or snorkeling, and boats for sailing in the Atlantic and bone-fishing in the Sound. Unfussy good food matches the surroundings—delicious Bahamian specialties.

Double room for two with three meals, $80; write: Miss Jane Baker, Windermere Club Secretary, 11 East 44th (Continued on page 104)

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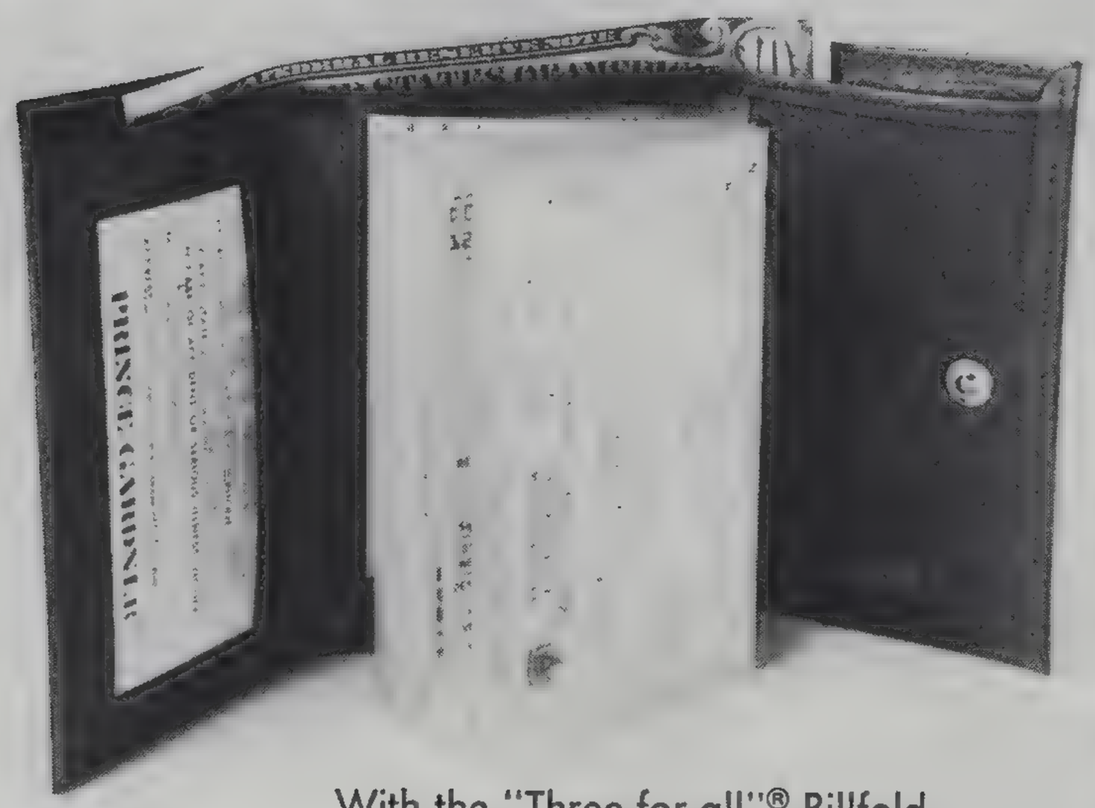
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VOGUE TRAVEL

Continued from page 102

Exumas, cays for collectors

Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. The Club acts as renting agent for houseowners, arranges for maid service and meals at the Club, although the houses all have kitchens and going to market on Eleuthera is a sport. The nearest airport is Rock Sound, eighteen miles away.

The Pot Latch Club, a small, sophisticated oasis in the sand dunes, appeals to people who long to stretch out on sun decks to read, to swim in the sea or dip into the pool, occasionally to bang a few tennis balls, but primarily to live informally and eat extremely well. The bungalows have flexible arrangements: some with sitting rooms, fireplaces, kitchens, all with English antique furniture, shelves with Lowenstoft china, walls with English prints.

Pot Latch is twenty-five miles from Rock Sound Airport. For two persons with breakfast and dinner, from $75 to $85; suites, $110. Write: Mrs. R. Veit, 133 East 64th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021.

The top place on Eleuthera to charter boats, such as the thirty-seven-foot sloop "Cynus" shown on page 176, or hire specialists in scuba instruction and guides who know the best areas for lobsters, amberjacks, mackerel, groupers, is the Eleuthera Marine and Scuba Resort at Governor's Harbour. The owner, David Mitchell—who also heads the Air-Sea Rescue Association—doubles as an information center for yachtsmen calling in on the crackling marine radio.

A car—easy to rent—adds enormously to the delights of Eleuthera.

ISLAND COLLECTORS: Cruising the Exumas, a one-hundred-mile arc of cays—some green, some bone-bare, some with cliffs, all scalloped with beaches—is an adventure. Flying over them shows up the sea, clear as sunlight, and reveals which ones are lived-on. Giveaways: a short airstrip, a sturdy dock, a cluster of roofs, a lawn.

UNDER THE SPREADING FIG: At the bottom of the Exuma chain, George Town, linked by commercial planes to Nassau, spreads around a village green. Under a tremendous fig tree an octagonal shack houses the most beguiling straw market of the Bahamas.

A new full-fledged resort, the Out Island Inn, overlooks the harbor, blends beachcoming and sports. On the house: bicycles, tennis, snorkeling and sailing lessons, boat dock and pool. Walls of the guest rooms (which open directly onto the beach) are built of old stones. In the dining room, seemingly over water, guests dine informally, no jackets necessary. For two with breakfast and dinner, $66. Write: Out Island Inn, P.O. Box 534, International Airport Branch, Miami, Florida 33148.

DIVERS' WORLD: Stella Maris Inn on the Bahamas' Long Island is tailored to scuba divers; the warm southern waters provide an amazing repertoire of dive spots. The marina equips up to fifty divers a day with scuba and snorkel gear, dive boats, guides, and instructors. For non-scuba guests, there is tennis, horseback riding through sandy forests, boats for fishing, snorkeling, beaches, pools and enchanting yellow beach buggies for zipping around the string-bean-shaped island.

The Inn, a complex terraced on a hill, has an Austrian chef who adds an haute cuisine touch even to Bahamian conch soup. For two, about $50 with three meals; an extra $20 for dive trips. Write: RR Hotel Representatives—in New York, 1270 Avenue of the Americas (10020). Stella Maris' twin-engine plane picks up guests from the Nassau or the George Town airports. ■

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VOGUEFOOD

COOK IN AN ARMCHAIR . . . OR ON THE RUN . . . THINK PIE

BY MAXIME McKENDRY

MARGOT RIVERA: DINNER IN A PIESHELL

Margot Rivera calls herself a "pie lady." Her kitchen fills with good smells that intrigue her husband—Geraldo Rivera (ABC's energetic young TV news commentator, who's also a lawyer-champion of the poor in New York's Puerto Rican neighborhoods—both Riveras are shown at right)—while she bakes quiches Lorraine, chicken or meat pies, all sorts of substantial main dishes in delicate pastry shells. Daughter of the novelist Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Margot writes, too, but also paints—especially angels.

At far right, one of Margot's favorite pie recipes and, near right, the recipe for the quick-trick dessert she serves with it.



JILL KREMENTZ

Geraldo and Margot Rivera

MARGOT'S FIG DESSERT

Pour a little cognac over fresh figs and let them stand 30 minutes. Mix ⅓ cup curaçao into 1 cup sour cream; combine with figs.

CHEESE PIE WITH ASPARAGUS

1 9-inch pastry shell, baked 5 minutes
6 slices bacon
1 large onion
1 cup cubed Swiss cheese
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
2 cups heavy cream
4 eggs
Salt and white pepper
¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg
6 stalks asparagus, partly cooked

Sauté bacon until crisp, then crumble. Slice onion very thin and sauté until transparent. Combine bacon, onion, and cheeses and arrange in pastry. Mix cream, eggs, and seasonings; pour into pie. Top with asparagus stalks, arranging them in any pattern you like (they will sink a little). Bake pie 35-40 minutes at 375°—or until golden brown. Serve warm, with a green salad and a nice wine.

SIT-BY-THE-FIRE COOKING

December: log-fire time. While you cat-doze in front of the flames, these fireplace foods will cook themselves in the coals.

Fish: On buttered heavy-duty aluminum foil, place a cleaned striped bass or fillets of bass, pompano, or red snapper. Dribble olive oil over fish, sprinkle with Pernod, salt and pepper, add a large branch of dill. Close foil tightly and bury the package in the hot coals. Test small fish for doneness in 5 to 10 minutes, larger pieces in 20 to 25. Do not overcook.

Vegetables: Juicy choices such as zucchini, squash, spinach, tomatoes, cabbage, or peppers can be herbed, seasoned, and wrapped and buried like the fish. Time may vary from a few minutes up to an hour depending on crispness.

Onions: No need to wrap them; just bury them in the hot ashes in front of a fire. To serve, tear off charred outer layers, eat the hearts.

Eggplant: Roast, foil-wrapped, in the ashes, when soft, scoop meat into a bowl. Salt and pepper; add olive oil, lemon juice, crushed garlic, minced parsley. Mash to a fine puree. Serve ice cold as an appetizer: poor man's caviar.

Fruit: Core unpeeled apples, fill cavities with your favorite jelly or preserves or with mixture of sweet butter, cinnamon, mace, brown sugar. Wrap in heavy-duty foil and roast in the ashes. Place peeled bananas on foil, add sweet butter, brown sugar, dashes of rum. Wrap and roast.

KEEP-UP-THE-PACE COOKING

When there's no time for fireside sitting, try one of these up-tempo recipes. Even chopping's a flash, after a bit of practice with a Chinese cleaver.

Spaghetti: For each serving, chop very fine: ½ cup mushrooms, ½ cup sweet onion, ⅓ cup parsley, 1 small clove garlic. Mix but do not cook; add to pasta that has been cooked, drained, and tossed with a little oil or butter.

Leg of lamb: To serve eight to ten, have your butcher bone and butterfly an 8-pound leg of lamb (weighed with bone in). Marinate in the refrigerator all day in a mixture of soy sauce, lemon juice, crushed garlic, fresh rosemary. Turn the meat whenever you open the refrigerator door. At dinner time, broil meat 10-12 minutes on each side for rare, 15-20 minutes for well done.

Irish soda bread: Combine 3½ cups whole-wheat flour, ½ cup white flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon baking soda. Work in ½ stick butter in pieces until mixture is like oatmeal; add buttermilk until dough holds together but is not sticky. Turn onto floured board and divide in two. Knead once or twice, form in loaves, and put in floured bread pans. Pat down and cut X gash in each top. Bake 35 minutes at 375°. Bread is done when the bottoms sound hollow when tapped. Cool on rack.

CHOCOLATE SUPER-SPEEDER, eight servings
Whip 1 pint heavy cream, fold in 1¼ cups Hershey chocolate syrup, 3 tablespoons rum. Freeze. Serve with walnuts, grated bitter chocolate.

VOGUETWISTS

Throw a handful of raisins in the pan when sautéing sliced carrots; add a little chicken stock. Raisins should be puffed and juicy when the carrots are done. ★★★ Silver saltcellars can be used on the dinner table as tiny flower vases, one for each guest. ★★★ New salad allies, diced or sliced: boned pickled herring, dill pickles, black olives, boiled potatoes, hard-cooked eggs. The dressing: sour cream seasoned with salt, pepper, Dijon mustard. ★★★ Good-looking dishwasher-proof tumblers to hold white wine with cubes of ice seem newer than the over-precious thin-stemmed breakables. ★★★ Medieval gold: add a pinch of saffron when cooking applesauce or reheat bottled sauce with saffron. Flavor, subtle; color, radiant. ★★★ Flower-up the dining room, not the table, with big long-lasting hydrangeas or chrysanthemums; let decanters provide the eye-appeal on the tabletop. ★★★ From the Paris of the 'twenties, a variation of Pommes de terre Annette by Maxim's restaurant: In a buttered pan, layer potatoes with artichoke bottoms, both cut in matchsticks; add butter, salt, pepper. Cook, covered, over low flame or in oven; when fork tender, turn out and brown—if necessary—under the broiler. ★★★ Try apple tea: slice an unpeeled good firm apple very thin, cover with 2 cups boiling water, sweeten to taste. Infuse several minutes; strain into cups. ★★★ Buy a really long platter—two and one-half feet is not impossible—so that you can serve two whole chickens in a line or a vast roast with two vegetables.

THE AFTER DINNER CHRISTMAS GIFT.



Now, this unique show-case Gift Package...the two world-famous liqueurs from France...Benedictine D.O.M and B&B Liqueur in this two compartment bottle so each can be poured separately. Benedictine and B&B are also available in their very own festive package.

VOGUE LIVING

BY MARY SCOTT WELCH

TIPS OF THE SEASON . . . RE-PAPERING CHRISTMAS . . . AND A FOUR-WHEEL TENT

Campersthatnever see the woods

We all know that a "camper" (compact living quarters built—or bolted, you can rent a camper unit if you already own a pickup—on the back of a truck) or a small bus fitted out like a trailer is easier to drive, more versatile than the car-tows-trailer combination in providing camp-out living quarters. A camper eliminates pitching and striking the tent, carrying water or wood or ice. But bright thinkers now use campers in ways woodsmen never tried. Here are a few:

- When you buy a piece of country property, buy a camper as well and park it on your grounds while your new vacation house goes up.
- When a job change sends your family to another city, put your furniture in the care of the moving and storage company, drive the camper to your new location, rent a trailer-park space, and live in the camper until you find the right house to buy.
- Use the camper when you drive to visit relatives (read parents) in another city; they won't feel hurt if you're parked in their driveway (it's not a *hotel*), but you'll have privacy whenever it's wanted.
- Conversely, one young couple invited all the kin to a family reunion in their house, stayed—with their baby—in the camper; the child lost not a moment's sleep.
- Travel across America without ever staying in a boring motel; your own camper can be fitted with almost any creature comfort.
- If you own a ranch that's nearly King-size or other property where you don't maintain a home, the camper is a good base for inspection operations.
- An eleven-year-old said she thought a camper would make a superb wedding present ("It's really a honeymoon present," she said) and also suggested remodeling the camper into a shop. Libraries have bookmobiles—why not your own boutiquemobile, if town ordinances aren't against you.

Christmas tipping: giving spendable thanks

Holiday giving includes gifts that say thank you to those beyond family and friends who have made life more comfortable through the year or those who will serve in the year to come. Tips, to the purist, should be for personal services only; but each year the list grows of people who are willing to accept cash thanks. If cash gifts are *not* customary in your community (or for those who might be offended by a "tip"), a gift of flowers, food, liquor, books—or something more personal, if the relationship is a close one (your hairdresser? your masseuse?)—can carry your message.

The size of year-end gifts depends on where you live, how long you have lived there, the amount of service involved. One old rule for apartment houses—1½ to 2 percent of your annual rent divided among the staff—may still prove useful. If you have moved to a new place, check—discreetly—with older residents as to whom to tip and how much. Some of Vogue's friends provided these guides:

The most substantial Christmas gifts go to those whom you employ directly—household help, nursemaids, gardeners, chauffeurs; these should be given a week's salary, sometimes a personal gift, too.

In apartment houses, a list of service employees is often provided: doormen, elevator men, superintendents, handymen, janitors, and porters. "Supers" usually get the largest tips, then doormen and elevator operators; but no one should be left out. Some cooperative-apartment buildings assess the owners and distribute the fund to the staff; but, in any other case, it is best to hand out the tips (new bills in envelopes with notes or Christmas cards) personally. Whether you live in an apartment or house, town or country, those who serve you regularly—postmen, newsboys, milkmen, laundrymen, grocery- or liquor-store boys, garbage collectors, parking-lot attendants, hairdressers, maîtres d' at favorite restaurants, even butchers and grocery clerks in some cities—get special tips. And one thoughtful person said she keeps a pile of new dollar bills on her foyer table for holiday tips to anyone who delivers to her door.

This same warmhearted giver enlarges her list at her country house, where local goodwill makes her life happy all year. Suburban residents might follow a similar schedule. She tips the plumber, fuel man, electrician, carpenter and gives small presents to the tellers in the local bank. There are legal restrictions on giving to government employees, but many ingenious people find ways to thank those who have been helpful. Commuters often remember their train conductors at Christmas; and you may want to give something to maids and chauffeurs of your friends, if you are a frequent visitor.

No tips go to those who own their own businesses, ever, or to employees of private clubs. If you are a club member, you will contribute to a fund for this purpose. Schools also may have Christmas funds for their employees; but Christmas gifts—never money—to teachers are not allowed by some, quite expected in others. If presents for teachers are allowed, it's nice to let the children make them.

NOW TRY THIS

How to keep children in bed on Christmas Morning to let adults recover from a late Eve? Tamper with tradition by moving Christmas stockings from mantelpiece to the children's bedsides. ★★★ Before you start your next household painting project, look around your hardware or paint store for new aids that may liberate decorating ideas. One such is a striping tape; even an inexperienced painter can apply the full width of tape, peel back a die-cut center portion, paint over the resulting stripe as with a stencil. Tape comes off when paint is dry. ★★★ A foldaway coat rack for parties keeps the coat scramble off your bed—particularly helpful if it's raining—but that's only one of the rack's lives: great for holding your clothes at closet-clearing time while you decide what goes where; dries blankets or other delicates that can't stand the heat of the clothes dryer; even works at parties for children in those games involving apples or marshmallows hanging on strings.

Wrap-overs for a cleaner world

To save our environment from the holiday-paper storm, this year recycle materials already in your house. Henry Wolf, a photographer and an international design consultant in New York, suggested newspapers for wrapping presents: stock-market quotations go around a wallet or a book on investing; real-estate advertisements are good for household gifts; travel news wraps luggage. Brown grocery bags, tissue sleeve stuffings from the dry cleaner, foils from candy or cigarettes—all can wrap gifts.

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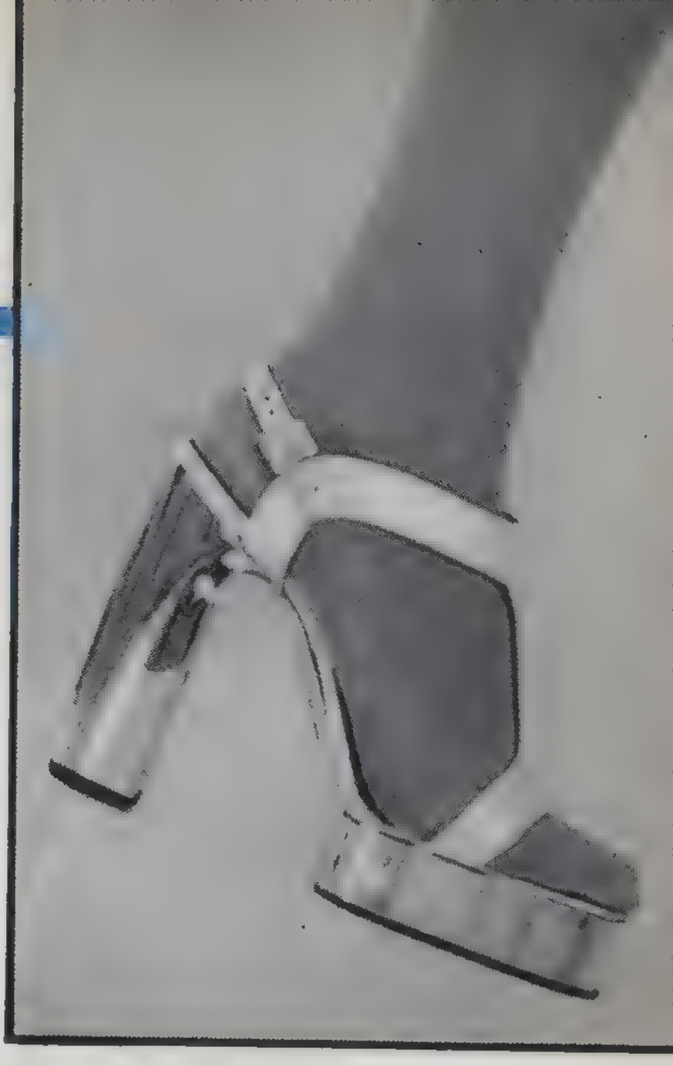
Gene Berk designs two festive prints for Paganne—both great holiday looks. In softest Qiana® nylon, noted for its brilliant color and delicate touch. Sizes 6 to 16.
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VOGUE BOUTIQUE



1972, THE YEAR WE . . .

Learned to walk and dance in shoes with high, high heels and platform soles—like the sassy gold kid sandal, right (about $52; at Henri Bendel) . . . got into sweater-dressing in a big way . . . showed lots of skin at night in short, sexy dresses . . . wrapped ourselves into really comfortable, roomy coats that tie like bathrobes . . . bought a new hat for the first time in ages—a soft hat to pull down on the head . . . uncluttered our accessory thinking, wearing one important something on a gold chain, a lacquery cuff on each wrist . . . rediscovered what pearls can do for the skin . . . wore gloves again, especially long knitted ones rolled down . . . switched from wide belts to narrow ones . . . cut our hair, and parted it . . . flirted with the idea of henna, or of becoming blond (or at least wearing pale, blond, natural colors) . . . had a little fun with nail polish—green, blue, black—along with brilliant reds . . . got back into the makeup habit . . . and onto the musk oil trail . . . explored natural foods and cosmetics. . . .

WE NEVER HAVE
TOO MANY SWEATERS

This was the year we all became sweater collectors—and we plan to go on and on. . . . Here, three of the best new collectables:

UP FROM MEXICO AND
DOWN TO THE ANKLES . . .

Below: Latest version of the sweater everyone wears in Paris and New York—the bulky, hand-knit, warm-but-light, full-of-pattern Mexican job. Now it's a long, swaggery sweater-coat. $150. D D Dominick, 220 E. 60th St.

THE WHITE SWEATER WITH
EVERYTHING GOING FOR IT

Right: Just the length, the right big roll of shawl collar, just the toss-it-on-and-snuggle-up-inside bulk we want. With it, wide white flannel pants, white silk shirt and turban, a bit of gold and ivory gleam. Sweater, $40; pants, $60. Both by Ralph Lauren for Polo. At Bloomingdale's.



HERE'S PILAR'S NEW FIND—
A CHENILLE BOLERO

Below: Pilar Crespi is one of the great girls who are always first with something new and smashing. . . . Just in from Rome, Pilar's buzzing around in a fuzzy chenille sweater, short as a bolero and alive with color—lemon and tangerine, blue, red, and crème-de-menthe-green bands of chenille on navy knit. Great with pants and a silk shirt, but think of it with a short navy-blue satin dress at night. . . . Designed in Rome by Marielle Lombard. Here, at Martha, Palm Beach. . . .





GEORGE AND LESLIE BRIGGEN, JERRY BARENSON

Most Precious



..... Forever

by Ivoya Creator of world famous — "White Shoulders" perfume

Vogue's point of view

Why are all stories of love
told in the past tense?
Where is the present of love—
and the future?

We're making a New Year's resolution now
to look for the present and future of love.
We're tired of defensiveness,
of playing it cool, of rejecting
or unbinding one-to-one responsibilities:
parent to child, woman to man,
mind to conviction, heart to cause.
We are going to cry some, yell some, kick some,
to make it clear that
caring is a private choice.
No one else has to agree, there doesn't have to be
a winning, or popular, side...
or a corollary disillusionment.
We offer you no rationalization for what we like,
no consensus, no compromises.
Just plain blind love and affection.
(If that sounds sentimental to you, that's what we mean:
it doesn't sound sentimental to us. So no apologies.)

Love...

A tribute of love

The glory of
La Tour's "The Newborn"...
the rediscovery
of a great master

One of the greatest and most enigmatic painters, a painter not of princes but of humble people, Georges de La Tour saw the infancy of Christ as a scene of everyday life lacking all religious trappings—the Virgin dressed as a village girl cradles her son. A soft caressing light reflects on the faces, outlines a shadowing hand in a moment of stilled rejoicing, of intense humanity....A tenebrist or "candlelight painter" in a style much admired in the seventeenth century, La Tour has been brought from oblivion after two centuries. In Paris, the Louvre—in one of this year's most distinguished exhibitions—showed the first real retrospective of his works, including this Nativity (detail, right) which was rescued during the French Revolution and hangs usually in the Rennes Musée des Beaux-Arts—a sudden fascination to modern eyes accustomed to the severe geometrics of Cézanne, the Cubists, and their far-ranging successors.

MUSÉES NATIONAUX





A tribute of love

The heart of the film "Sounder"... unafraid of tears and devotion

In the film "Sounder," a generous, good-faith story of the survival in dignity against all odds of a black family in the South during the Depression, there stands near a courthouse a monument to fallen soldiers. Its inscription, briefly seen, begins, "A tribute of love...." This photograph, from the film, compressed to underline the point, tells more. That tribute, given with encircling arms, with strained muscles, worn hands, and tenderness; given by a family wrapped in the strongest, oldest bond; and given through a fleeting, unrepeatable gesture, rings truer and more lasting than letters chiseled on stone: a tribute of endurance, loyalty, communion, the unshakable faith of people who love each other.

The Nutcracker

Dancing for joy, children from
Balanchine's glorious traditional Christmas ballet
romp in the woods near
the Saratoga Performing Arts Center,
the New York City Ballet's summer home.



On These Ten Pages,
the New York City Ballet
Celebrates
the Greatest Living Choreographer
in His Greatest Year

The Genius of George Balanchine

Produced by Leo Lerman/Photographed by Duane Michals

GEORGE BALANCHINE,

here wearing a "Pulcinella" costume,
has lighted fires in American dance since 1934.
With Lincoln Kirstein, Balanchine began
the New York City Ballet in 1948
and the next year mounted Stravinsky's "Firebird."
This year of the unprecedented Stravinsky Festival week
—including twenty new ballets, eight
choreographed by Balanchine—the Festival's firebird,
more subtly lunar than fiery, left,
was Karin von Aroldingen.

Distilled Balanchine

The cool passion of Balanchine's classic modern style culminates in three ballets: "Orpheus," "Agon," and "Apollo." These Muses from "Apollo": Kay Mazzo, Karin von Aroldingen, Gloria Govrin.



Allegra Kent and Jean-Pierre Bonnefous in the brilliant "Agon" pas de deux

Balanchine's Fourth Dimension: His Eye and Mind Transform Sound into Sight

By Lincoln Kirstein

To start, let us assume certain facts which appear to be, at least statistically, verifiable. There is no important dance company in the West today that does not desire to have included in its season one or more of George Balanchine's ballets. The Royal Ballet alone this winter is presenting three of his works new to the British repertory. There is no state or civic company in Europe east of the Iron Curtain, in Canada, Australia, or South America that ceases to make urgent requests for more of the same. Of what other living choreographer is this true?

Music is partner to dancing. Balanchine was the self-chosen colleague of Stravinsky for half a century, the most important and fertile collaboration of its kind since Petipa's with Tchaikovsky. Furthermore, Balanchine has been credited with (or, often as not, accused of) choosing and establishing a contemporary archetype, journalistically labeled "the Balanchine dancer": a tall, slim girl with a small head, long legs, cool temperament, and athletic virtuosity. No other choreographer, past or present, has had attributed to him or her so severely idiosyncratic a choice. Also, in proficiency, prolificity, musical capacity, and personal style, Balanchine occupies a contemporary position that is isolated, prominent, and, to a degree, popular.

This says little of the quality or variety of his accomplishment, of his work's wit, elitism, arrogance, passion, or playfulness. These vibrate as subjective judgments. If "beauty is in the eye of the beholder," so then is elitism, arrogance, and the rest. These abstractions do not refer specifically to Balanchine's choreography, his maps of movement, but rather to an overall attitude governing the nature of dancing itself. Balanchine's means for composition—measured first by a sonorous metric: music—are at once highly personal and radically academic. They subsume his notion of the training of performers, which precedes a choice of dancers with whom he feels he can work. This depends not only on a preference for a certain type of physique as raw material but also on the acceptance of a discipline by aspirants from the first stages of instruction. As he told an anxious mother thirty-five years ago when she was worried about whether or not her greatly gifted if headstrong daughter would ever become a Ballerina (with a capital "B"), "*La danse, madame; c'est une question morale.*" (P.S. She did; and it was not a question of morals, which were local and lax, but of morale and morality, which were solid.)

The platonic ideal of "a Balanchine dancer" is not necessarily an androgynous nymphet who might as easily be an Olympic champion fencer, skater, diver, or equestrienne. In popular terms, however, mastery at peak levels in these sister disciplines roughly illustrates his requirements. It may be noted that in such display, one element is lacking: self-expression, personality; what used to be called "soul." The aims of sport are not those of art. The chief competition a dancer faces is in a mirror; it is the image of a self whose imperfections must be conquered, whose perfectibility must be exercised if any perfection is ever to be won. There are no statistical records to be broken nor championships to be won. The supreme judges are teachers and ballet masters to whom an aspirant commits herself or himself. When applause *(Continued on next page)*

Lincoln Kirstein,
writer, critic, general director
of the New York City Ballet,
created this supreme company with Balanchine,
defines his art

is won, it is for victory over no opponent but for victory against the pull of gravity, coincidental with homage to music. It also depends on moral or metaphysical factors that many find convenient to ignore or distasteful to admit. Such hinge on opinions of the artist's identity or sense of self; a relationship to, or consideration of, one's proper position in a repertory company.

A committed Balanchine dancer (with a small "d") comes to realize that Personality (with an enormous "P") is a bundle of haphazard characteristics frozen in a pleasing mask for immediate identification and negotiable prestige. No matter what is danced—and it makes little difference—stardom dims the dancing. What is danced is perforce secondary. There are two types of ballet companies: those interested in selling stars and those occupied in demonstrating and extending the dance, as such.

In order to propose any impartial opinion regarding ballet, one must take into account several sectors of opinion-makers or -possessors. These are, in varying levels of influence, teachers and students of dancing, journalists and/or critics, and audiences, of various persuasions. There is a further and largely irrelevant judgment, set down long after the fact of performance, emanating from historians.

Teachers and their students are influential framers of opinion at a basic technical level; they know about dancing in the same way the ball-game public appreciates baseball and football from having played these games from the age of nine. Local studios in far-flung communities provide raw material that later comprises focal companies. These studios are not, in a strict sense, schools comparable to civic or state academies, since instead of a specializing faculty the instruction is from single teachers. It is often by chance alone whether very young students are helped or hurt by such study. In a few cases, there are, to a limited degree, excellent teachers whose natural good taste and (uncommon) common sense manage to endow them with analytical methods that, at the most, do no harm. But at best, such training is useful only for the first few years, for soon bright students will surpass their teachers in technique alone.

When Balanchine first came to the United States in 1934, he brought with him principal teachers responsible for his own training in the Russian Imperial and State schools. Such training was exceptional, a vital factor in the development of companies and repertories. The French and Italians dominated nineteenth-century classic dance. In our time, leadership and mastery in education have been Russian, with important Scandinavian additives. Teaching methods were developed on a basis of contact with constant performance. Academies provided dancers for opera houses; small children were continually dancing on the same stage as their teachers. Dominant performer-instructors passed from stage to classroom and back. What was designed as spectacle was later analyzed and repeated as training exercise.

From 1914, Balanchine had the benefit of two generations of such teaching, which bridged repertories that were the inheritance of the "romantic" era of the 1830's and '40's through the revolutions of Fokine and Nijinsky under Diaghilev from 1909 through 1919. A major advantage of the Russian schools has been strong male teachers, not alone for boys but as builders of strength in girls.

A disadvantage in many of our provincial studios is the lack of encouragement (on their parents' part) of male aspirants, although excellent material is widely available. Balanchine has been responsible for a philosophy that has treated girls as if they were as athletic as their brothers. He has proved they can be fiery hummingbirds rather than dying swans, with the capacity of channel swimmers. The present virtuosic power of American *corps-de-ballet* dancers is, in large part, due to his insistence on, or imitation of, his demanding requirements. His idea of what is stylish and suitable for American dancers is a marriage between the court manners (consideration or formal courtesy) of Saint Petersburg when he was a boy and the improvisational energy and spark of Manhattan's musical comedy, which, as a young man, he staged influentially for Rodgers and Hart musicals and Goldwyn films in the decade of 1935-45.

Some teachers, and consequently their students, consider Balanchine's orientation a physical and/or mental tyranny. A common complaint is that certain bodies (but more importantly, temperaments) don't "feel comfortable" under his system. These may transfer a vague discomfort into more precise antipathy. Their very natures (or "souls") resist Balanchine's requirements. Their muscular structures are consequently justified in revolt. A few tell themselves that, in his rigorous classes, they can be "crippled." It is naïve of pretenders to any discipline to consider "comfort" as a criterion. When students train, as often as not, their normal adaptability channels what energy they've been granted into habits that can be repeated with the least thought or effort. Only a comparatively few candidates enjoy extending their own presences to extremities of possibility.

The majority of dance instruction, not only in America but all over the Western world, is far more primi- (Continued on page 203)

Pure Balanchine

Allegra Kent and Jean-Pierre Bonnefous,
right, dance the pas de deux from Stravinsky's "Agon."
Of this unsurpassed example of Balanchine's art
at its purest, the Leningrad critic Yuri Slonimsky wrote,
during the company's just completed Russian tour,
that Balanchine uses dancers as
"graphically drawn figures that can fulfill
any zigzag of Stravinsky's thoughts."



Romantic tradition: Melissa Hayden

Pure dramatics:
Edward Villella in "Prodigal Son"

Assured strength: Peter Martins

The Genius of George Balanchine:
Sixteen Reasons

Pageantry:
"Pulcinella" decor by Eugene Berman

Ritual,
Balanchine-ized:
"Bugaku"

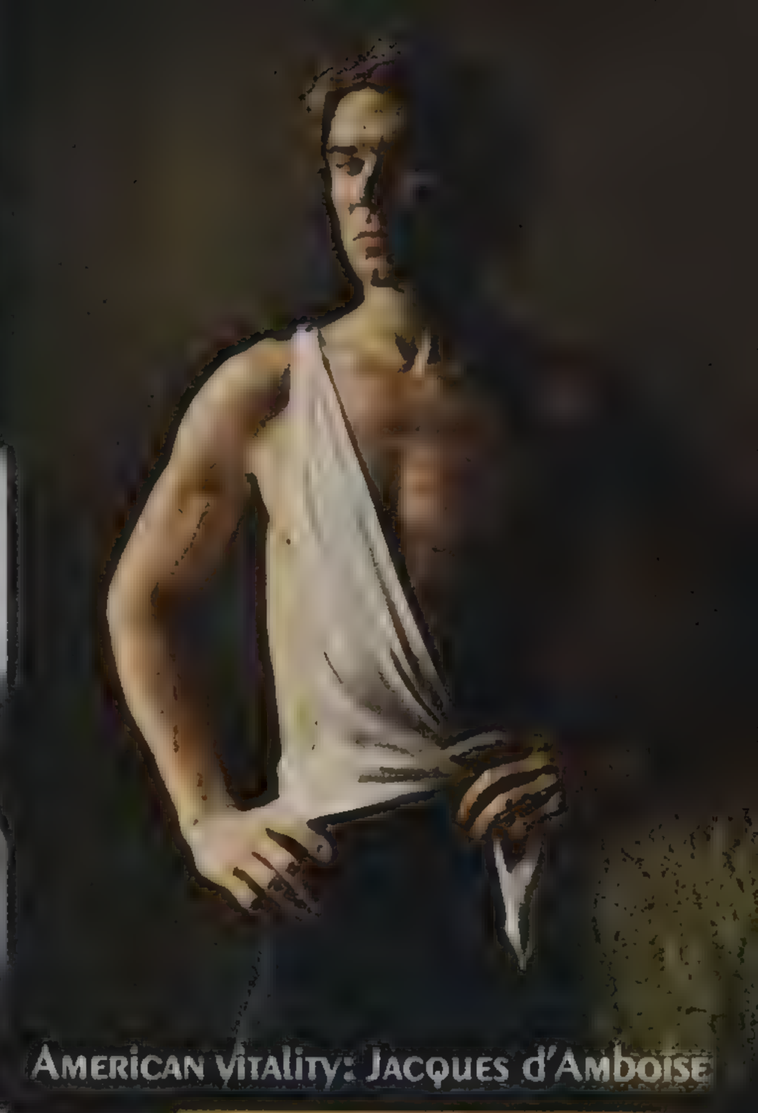
Rowdy in white: Jim
"Pulcinella"



Nobility, swift grace: Helgi Tomasson



Sense of future



American vitality: Jacques d'Amboise



The richness of collaboration: "Firebird"
Stravinsky, Balanchine, Robbins, Chagall



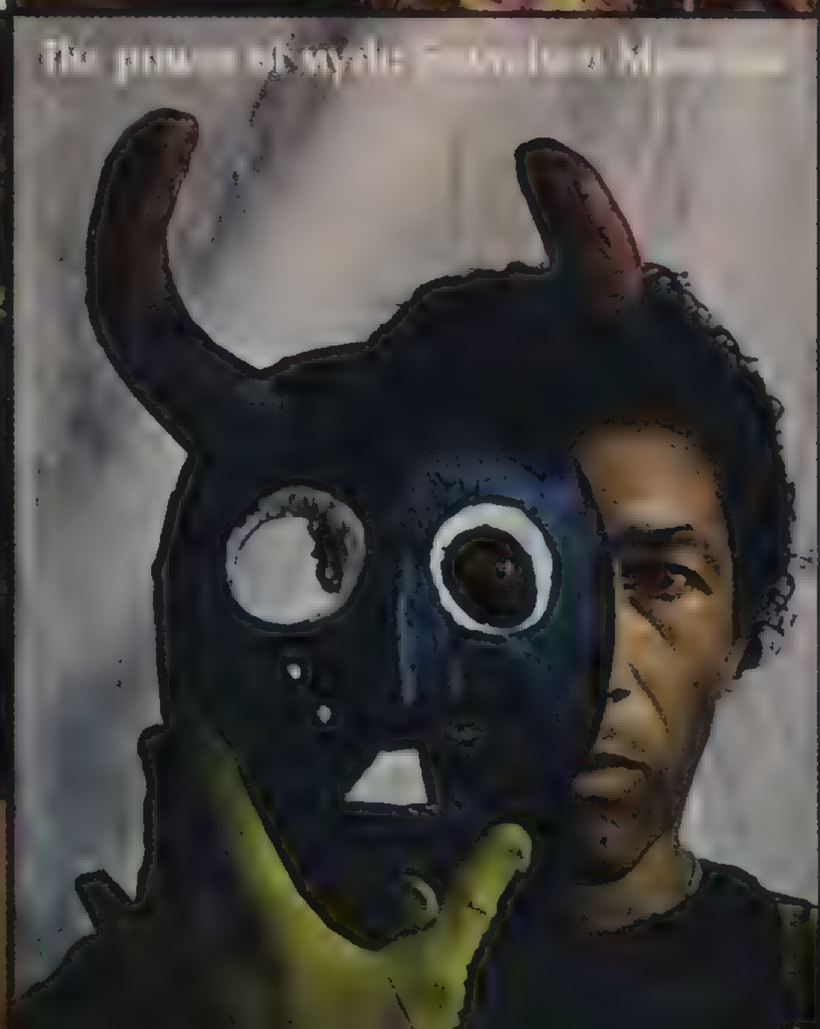
High camp: "Pulcinella" transvestite



The use of stillness: Sara Leland



Disciplined vivacity: Violette Verdy







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For eight hundred thousand people in New York,
Chicago, Saratoga, Washington—as well as in Munich, Moscow,
Leningrad, Kiev, Warsaw, Tiflis, and Lodz
the dreams packed in these trunks became true on stage.
Above them, some of the three dozen white tutus for
"Symphony in C"—mute testimony to magic.
"There are no words in dancing": George Balanchine

20 WAYS TO SAY "THANK YOU" FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT YOU HATE

By Helen Van Slyke

If you're a nice, well-mannered woman, in a few weeks you'll be sitting down to write proper thank-you notes for your Christmas presents. Good luck. The really nifty gifts are a cinch. It's easy to rave over that diamond on my right. A girl can get positively lyrical over stuff like that or even over less costly loot.

But what do you write about a Christmas present you hate? It would be unmannerly to ignore it. Besides, you're plagued with that admonition from your childhood: "It isn't the *gift* that counts, it's the *thought*."

The hell it is.

I'll bet that even Doris Day, Dinah Shore, and Tricia Nixon Cox get ugly, useless, and/or bewildering offerings for which they cannot summon up believable appreciation. I'd like to know how *they* acknowledge a silver toothpaste-tube squeezer, a monogrammed gold golf tee, or a hand-painted ceramic dish meant either for onion dip or Lassie's dinner.

The problem for them—and for you and me—is how to write a thank-you note that is not exactly untruthful but sufficiently convoluted to please the well-meaning donor and still keep one's integrity intact. The note should be unrecognizably hostile and be subject, like the pronouncements of the oracle of Delphi, to the gift-giver's own self-satisfied interpretation. The key lies in finding one principal phrase that forms the nucleus of the message. It should be stressed, underlined, capitalized, or whatever you will. The important thing is that one particular phrase jumps out and remains in the mind of the giver. The rest of the note can be short and unrememberable. Try this first one on for size:

1. *Dear Martha,*

Christmas is such a wonderful time because of the kindness of all my friends! I have just been looking at that far-too-expensive clock you sent me—the one with the snapshot of you and Harry at the Grand Canyon on the face! My dear, I adore surprises; and yours was the biggest of my life!

Devotedly,

Jane

Got the idea? You're not telling a lie. You *do* adore surprises and what could be a *bigger* one than a clock with a picture of Martha and Harry in camping clothes silhouetted against the Western sky? Let Martha make what she will out of your note, while you try to find a final resting place for the terrible timepiece.

Of course, you'll need a number of different phrases to inject in a lot of truthful rambling about the joys of the Christmas season. Think of these dropped neatly into letters that otherwise honestly extol the holiday joys:

2. Your gift was the number-one topic of conversation when we opened our presents on Christmas morning!
3. It was beyond my wildest dreams!
4. Wherever did you find it?
5. My dear, so few people have your taste!
6. When we saw your gift, George and I said that you simply shouldn't have done it!
7. My friends were absolutely flabbergasted!
8. How extraordinarily inventive of you!
9. You must have given it an unbelievable amount of thought!
10. I never would have bought it for myself!
11. What an incredibly meaningful choice!
12. I've always fancied myself articulate, but words fail me!
13. Once again you've lived up to your reputation for originality!
14. I can't bear to think of how much trouble you must have taken!
15. Who but you would have thought of it?
16. I'm already worrying about what I can give you next year!
17. All I can say is, you've done it again!
18. "Unique" is such an inadequate word!
19. What an absolutely fantastic present!
20. You must have secret sources for gifts. Don't ever divulge them. Someone might copy you!

See how easy it is? No lies. No hurt feelings. Just blessed relief that the tea cozy with your initials embroidered on it, or the egg cup that says "Good Morning," has been gracefully and uncompromisingly acknowledged.

It may not be true that "It's the thought that counts." But at times like these, there's no question that it really is "More blessed to give than to receive." At least, when you're the donor, you're not the victim.

And with your taste, who'd ever write such notes to you?

So, Merry Christmas! What a supremely *imaginative* person you are! ■

The blaze of beauty:

DOMINIQUE SANDA

...and a great white diamond

Two famous beauties: one a rising young star,
one a starry gem as old, perhaps,
as the earth itself. . . .
Dominique Sanda is the smouldering-eyed young
enchantress of *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*
—she'll appear next in *Impossible Object*,
co-starring Alan Bates.
She holds a great emerald-cut diamond
of 71.73 carats, part of the huge Lesotho diamond
that was found in 1967
in the mountains of South Africa—
the ninth biggest rough diamond on record
at 601.25 carats, "larger than a golf ball." . . .
Bought by Harry Winston,
the Lesotho was eventually cut into eighteen
magnificent stones,
of which this is the largest and finest;
a dazzle,
a blaze of clearest pure-white light. . . .
This year, Mr. Winston acquired a diamond
even bigger than the Lesotho.
Called the Star of Sierra Leone,
discovered only last February, it weighs 968.9 carats
(about half a pound), making it
the third largest rough diamond ever recorded.
The Star is still uncut,
and may remain so for some time . . . Mr. Winston
plans to exhibit it widely to raise money
for a spectrum of charities.

AVEDON



STARS:

What the planets say—astrologically—about what some bright stars may do in the year to come.

BY MARIA
ELISE CRUMMERE

What will happen in 1973? When Vogue's astrologer, Maria Elise Crummere, worked out our country's horoscope, she saw stress ahead but promised that things could start coming up diamonds as the year ends. Here, her predictions taken from horoscopes for some of the best-known of us. Watch to see if their lives follow their charts in 1973.

HOW‖

★ **HENRY KISSINGER,** who lives by talking, may secretly wed, will not talk about it until the end of the year.

★ **EDWARD M. KENNEDY,** long indecisive, will speak out effectively in late fall.

WILL‖

★ **ELIZABETH TAYLOR** must watch her health carefully; heavy commitments can drain her energies.

★ **H.R.H. PRINCESS ANNE,** next fall, will fall in love . . . seriously.

THEY‖

★ **RICHARD BURTON** could find his prosperous career interrupted by a surprising problem at home.

★ **JULIE NIXON EISENHOWER** will assume a diverting responsibility that starts her on a career.

★ **BOBBY FISCHER** may start the New Year with an exciting program that ends rather strangely in early spring.

★ **MARK SPITZ** seems already to be committed to a feat that leads to a peak of performance in the fall.

SHINE‖

★ **NORMAN MAILER** will drop his present pursuit of ideas and base a new life on an old, unfinished plan.

★ **PATRICIA NIXON COX** prefers to serve others, may begin by becoming a mother in the next year..

IN‖

★ **LIZA MINNELLI** will change professional plans when an unforeseen jolt brings a change of home or country.

★ **H.S.H. PRINCESS GRACE OF MONACO,** heading a worthy cause, may make a documentary film on health and adjustment.

1973?‖

The blaze of beauty:

VERUSCHKA

. . . and a great yellow diamond

Two beauties, opposite, burning with a fiery brightness . . . Veruschka—tawny-haired, golden-skinned—and the Tiffany Diamond. This huge, sun-colored stone, the largest (128.51 carats) and finest canary diamond anywhere, was cut from a rough diamond found in 1877 in South Africa's Kimberley Mine; in the cutting, it was endowed with 90 facets—an unusually large number, 32 more than the standard brilliant cut. The wealth of facets, and the bright-golden purity of the stone itself, are what make it smoulder, flash, dazzle. . . . Except for guest appearances at various Expositions and World's Fairs, and a brief, gala outing at the Tiffany Ball in Newport in 1957 (when it was worn by the Ball's chairman, Mrs. Sheldon Whitehouse), the Tiffany Diamond, unset, has been dazzling visitors to Tiffany's on Fifth Avenue since the 1890's.

AVEDON



Cher with The Earth Star,
left, two dazzlers, the girl
and the diamond.
Hers, the impact of a modern beauty—
bone-sleek, direct, personal....The jewel's
a rare coffee-colored brilliance,
pear-shaped, 111.59 carats—
possibly the largest
brown diamond in the world, cut from
a 248.90-carat stone.
At Baumgold Brothers, New York.
Sonny and Cher,
opposite, in a show-stopping moment,
offstage. On stage every week in
"The Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour,"
they sing and clown, sniping along
in their own marriage-American-style.
These six pages,
hair combed by Suga.

AVEDON


THE SEXY BEAT
OF
SONNY AND CHER
“I got you,
babe...”

THE SEXY BEAT OF CHER

"...I got you,
you wear my ring"

Contemporary flash: modern girl, modern jewels—
Cher and Bulgari's stars and stripes of coral, diamonds, lapis—
real, but not too serious even for the simple little
jersey bathing suits here. And that's the whole point about
today's jewelry—it's to wear, to use, to enjoy....
A great red-and-black maillot, left,
wrapped like a surplice, tied in back; $32. With a sunburst pendant
and earrings....Small squared-off trunks, right—
this year's bikini look ($28), with a neck-chain worn as a belt,
a ring in the same stars-and-stripes pattern.
The jewels, from the Star Spangled Banner
Collection by Bulgari-Danaos,
Hotel Pierre. Bathing suits by Eres;
nylon and Lycra. Bloomingdale's.

AVEDON



THE SEXY BEAT OF SONNY AND CHER

BY PHYLLIS LEE LEVIN In sy-ear's love story is special all the way. It's teeds are two recents from rockdom to Entertainment television. They compose singing folk rock songs, sing them and every other variety of song to the natters, toss insults more often than bouquets at each another, and succeed in looking buoyant and loving every moment they are together. Sonny and Cher have—elegant clowns with appetites for the better extravagances of life such as a private plane with a French-speaking and -cooking steward, such as a forty-room mansion piled onto five acres on Trousdale by Hills, California—rave a philosophy about their work and a theory about their success. "There's an awful lot of cynicism everywhere about marriage, so much that's negative. Well, we like to think we make being married a positive thing. There's this myth in America about romance ending the minute marriage begins. Take traditional love stories. They're about people who are single. Get married and everyone thinks that's the end of love. I think we're showing people something different. We're married, we're in love, we kid each other a lot, but we're still in love."

Marriage Bono style onstage is one put-down after another, delivered in fast, sassy Borscht Belt stand-up style. It is, interestingly, with a famous radio couple of the Forties—George Burns and Gracie Allen, who played marriage as a lasting, lovable quibble—that Cher and Sonny identify. On television, Sonny is tolerant and adoring and drivingly dedicated to making jokes about Cher's nose, which is small but nearly bridgeless, her profile classic Roman. (In years to come, it will be interesting to see whether Sonny clocked more jokes about Cher's nose than Jack Benny on behalf of his constant thirty-nine birthdays.) Cher herself, a racy, glamorously fit young woman of twenty-six (Sonny is eleven years older), changes clothes—specializing in necklines slashed here, there, and downwards—as well as hairdos the way other women change Kleenex, interlaces her songs with potshots at Sonny about his family, nationality (Italian), height (five feet nine inches, at least, seven inches, but sounds shorter). It's a toss-up who outsults the other: She turns her head away, bored, amused, indulgent as Sonny asks the world, "Is that her nose, or is she eating a banana?" When she interrupts him, he says, "Knock that off. Watch the action, my friends are out there." "It, Dopey, it, Doc," she calls to the audience. If the tone of the spoof has the nostalgic sound of the Forties and echoes Fred Allen and his Portland, Jack Benny and his Mary, the visual side of Sonny and Cher is everything the Seventies can offer technically—marvelous and just-tricky-enough camera work, dramatic lighting, crack editing and sound. The range of songs is rock to torch to folk, from "Why Was I Born" to "The Candy Man" ("makes the world taste good"), shrewdly varied to appeal to a family audience.

Marriage for Sonny and Cher is a different matter. Or is it? They could see me at 6:30, Sunday evening, in Hempstead, Long Island. Their performance, the last of a cross-country series of nine concerts, was scheduled for 7:30. They had landed at 12:01 that morning in their private plane, which they lease by the year, in the company of their two pilots, their steward, Jean Pierre, five members of a twenty-piece orchestra (the rest are freelancers, hired from place to place), their three- (Continued on page 201)



Cher in a blaze of stripes, opposite—white bugle beads on thin black silk chiffon to the floor—an incredibly weightless dress from Galanos—easy, unwaisted, side-slit. And on a girl with Cher's kind of raciness, simply the most. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hair combed by Suga. Accessories, next to last page.


AVEDON


DIANE MICHALS

A GREAT YEAR FOR HALSTON

Glasses pushed up, cardigan knotted over his shoulders, Halston, shown here with a ravishing bouquet of key looks from his new resort collection, stands for today....He has a sense of what women want and he sticks to his guns, evolving, refining. He takes the simplest, most classic shapes and gives them just a little, tiny, enormously subtle turn...a touch of fullness appears at the back of a pyjama top, a peplum on a pink suedè jacket...a tie-dye jersey T-shirt falls to the ankle and makes *the* evening dress of the season. You look at these things—clean and pale and luxurious to the touch—and just want to be in them. They put you at your ease and let the glamour come through...no designer can do more....All fashion details, page 202. Suga coifs.



Z

ZOUZOU

The year's anti-beauty

Coming up from French underground movies and music, Zouzou, the twistiest twist dancer a decade ago, stars in Eric Rohmer's tender, elegant film *Chloe in the Afternoon.* A load of tough-looking trouble, a hard-luck albatross hung around a married man's neck, Zouzou comes on as something to get rid of—fast. Then the Rohmer-Zouzou alchemy takes. She is—clearly—desirable, vulnerable, a breathtaking beauty with a rule-breaking face.... Her sweater, the big-news Mexican cardigan—Giorgio di Sant' Angelo's mélange of blues and white, shawl-collared, wrapped and tied over white crêpe pants. Wool sweater, about $200. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Ivory hoop earrings, clipped with gold, and bracelets by Swee Low. Hair combed by Suga.

AVEDON



Woody

The funniest man of the year

His tribute to GROUCHO BUSTER CHARLIE HARPO

The

By Leo Lerman

Photographed by Irving Penn

Woody Allen is a one-man cottage industry; and his simon-pure, fabulously successful product is laughter. During any single recent week, three of his movies were running simultaneously in New York. (*Play It Again, Sam* and *Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex* . . . But Were Afraid To Ask* are the latest.) Woody writes, stars in, directs most of his films. He was playing Monday-night gig at Michael's Pub whenever he was in Manhattan, suavely jiving Dixieland on his clarinet in a seven-piece group. When he wasn't in New York, he was in Chicago or Las Vegas doing his stand-up comedian routines. He was also writing a brace of one-acters—"For Off-Broadway, I hope!" He was writing his humorous pieces—"I'm always trying to get something into *The New Yorker.*" (*Getting Even* is the title of a collection of these chuckly essays.) He was working on a new movie script and had signed to star in another, the Herbert Ross-Arnold Schulman *Alimony*. And he could be seen, in New York, to-and-froing from his secluded duplex offices, on tumultuous West Fifty-seventh Street, to lunch at the nearby Russian Tea Room, a small, wistful, serious, determined kid, padding along in immaculate saddle shoes, pale dungarees, a tieless flannel shirt, a kind of Windbreaker, his inevitable battered rain hat drooping over his hugely bespectacled big brown eyes. That is also how he looked when he came to pay his tribute to four or five of his favorite past-master comedians.

"The idea here," Woody said—he sounds as though he were quietly talking to himself—"was to make quick impressions of Groucho, Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Harpo, with whatever was handy . . . rough impersonations with no big attempt actually to make myself look like them . . . done in one or two minutes. Smear on some pencil, cut a mustache from felt, a hat or two, a wig for Harpo . . . a series of faces rather than body poses. Their essences through me.

"Now, looking at these photos, I'm amazed. It's a kind of spirit that comes through. I feel that I could look a lot more like most of them, if I cut my sideburns off—things like that. Anybody in the world could look more like them, if they wanted to make a thing for the photographer. But I don't think I could look any more like Harpo Marx! If you told me that was Harpo Marx, I'd believe it! I don't believe that's me. I could look more like myself than this photo of me, too, by taking the time to look more like me. I don't think it looks exactly like me, but I'm the least objective person. I never feel comfortable with anything: I always feel it isn't coming out. . . . I have, by nature, an enormously sad face. I'm not a smiler. If you didn't know I was a comic, I would be a study in sadness. My face is naturally sad, because it's drawn and my eyes are droopy. It's easy to hate yourself.

"The common thread that ties the other four and me is probably the obsession and compulsion to try to elicit the laughter from any situation—and the sense of suffering when it doesn't come. Comedians are supposed to be sad people, the myth says. I don't know if it's true or not. It probably is, based on my observations. The only thing I feel in common with these four is that our lives have been pretty much dedicated to getting laughs. That is the kernel of our creative existence. You know comedians don't really age. . . . If we all sat in a room talking, we'd probably all recognize one another's feelings.

"I know Groucho fairly well. Generally, I just like to listen to him talk. He's such a fount of insights and witticisms. . . . Often comedians take their work much less seriously than other people do. There's a tendency to look at my movies and to over-analyze them. And that's also true about the people who write about Keaton and the Marx brothers. When all we really are are entertainers trying to make funny movies. Sometimes we succeed. Sometimes we fail. But it's never the heavy, intellectual nonsense written about us. All I want people to do is laugh at the movie. If they don't think it's funny, I'll buy that, too. All the reams written about these four comedians! These people functioned in early years when none of that heavy-handed commentary occurred. Each of them made a whole slew of movies; some were funny, some were not. You had a following, and they were for you, and you tried not to disappoint them. . . . Pictures are things you should be able to see for twenty-five or fifty cents. You should be able to see them free—or for very little. Eventually it's going to cost $12 to see a movie! A fellah is going to look down dazed and say, 'Hey! I can't take my wife to the movies!' Movies are going to be moribund—like the theater. I believe the theater is moribund; and one of the things about it is that, when my mother and father want to go see a show, it costs them sixteen or seventeen dollars. In order to have a vital theater you have to support all sorts of things, you have to see all sorts of things."

Getting back to the photographs in hand, Woody said, "I like live appearances. . . . I see myself in kind of the typical American tradition of comedy: physically amusing-looking and kind of typical—fearful, brash. These are all things I impute to the American comedian. Chaplin, Bob Hope, Groucho—I think I'm in (Continued on page 150)

Great



"I could look
more like myself than this
photo of me
by taking the time
to look more like me."



CHARLES
SPENCER

Chaplin

"He walked the tightrope
between
his sentimentality
and his humor...."





BUSTER

Keaton

"Keaton had an exceptionally beautiful face."

Groucho

MARX

"He's a national heritage."





(Continued from page 144) that tradition. I'm not saying I'm as strong as they are. . . . Keaton . . . I get a lot of Keaton. People abroad and in this country have drawn analogies between Keaton and myself. This came as a surprise to me. I have to make it very clear here: I'm not talking about degrees of skill. I don't want to compare myself to Keaton or to any of these others. . . . I never saw a Keaton film until about two years ago. I've seen one, *The General.* It's wonderful. But people say I remind them of him. I mean that in the most general way. I mean I'm more like Keaton than I am like W. C. Fields. Fields is one of my particular favorites, but I can't make myself look like him—probably because we're just so physically dissimilar. I can make myself feel like him, but nothing happens outside. He was a total original, incredibly unsentimental. It's a reward to one to be able to see the world through Fields's eyes every now and then. It's such a refreshing and hilarious way of looking at life. . . .

"But getting back to Keaton: it always surprises me to hear there's any trace of him in me. I can only think of two things. There may be the most remote kind of impassivity about our faces, and there's a slightly sophisticated quality about Keaton's work, as opposed to Chaplin's, who's broader. My work has a slight intellectual component. Keaton had that. He wasn't quite as music-hall as Chaplin. Keaton had an exceptionally beautiful face. Chaplin also had an unusually beautiful face. Keaton had more of that famous impassive quality about his face, which might be mistaken for sadness: it's certainly unsmiling.

"Groucho was unparalleled as a movie comedian. He did everything funny. He spoke funny and walked funny and danced funny and sang funny. He had total command, like a great musical virtuoso who has total command of his instrument and is flawless. Thoroughly original. Nothing to compare with Groucho Marx. He's incredibly American in the sense that Louis Armstrong and baseball are American. He's a cynical, biting, utterly irreverent, wisecracking, surrealistic clown: one of the great joys of the world of entertainment. He's a national heritage.

"I'm crazy about Charlie Chaplin. When I look at these photos of my impressions of him, I wish I had eyes like that in real life . . . deep sockets, dark. I like Chaplin better than Keaton. Most of my intellectual friends frown upon that estimation. Chaplin took risks. And frequently those risks didn't come off; and he came out as pompous, maudlin, and embarrassing. When those risks did pay off, then I don't think anybody came close to him. Of all comedies ever made, *City Lights* is the best: his best, probably anyone's best. He walked the tightrope between his sentimentality and his humor, and maybe came a little too close to sentimentality once or twice in it; but he managed to maintain the proportions, so that he has in this picture some of the greatest comic moments ever. It's one of the few broad comedy pictures that packs an emotional wallop. The prizefight scene is as great as any comic segment in any picture. The end, the last two minutes—shattering, if you're willing to let your defenses down and go with it. Treat yourself to a moment of weakness. . . . I've never met Chaplin. I could have. I don't really like meeting idols very much—not because they disappoint, I kinda look at them open-mouthed. I want to keep certain people distant, so I can continue to worship.

"Harpo . . . he was absolutely brilliant. Incidentally, he was one of those comedians with a stunningly beautiful face. His, Charlie's, Keaton's . . . almost feminine. Harpo has incredible wit in his pantomime, which almost no other purely physical, nonverbal comedian has. There's a heavy intellectual element in his work that makes it fascinating. His style is that of the lowdown; but his instincts for getting laughter are so intellectual—that combination is fascinating. He'll hand his leg to a beautiful girl to hold: that's enormously witty to do. He's physical with incredible cleverness. In the Marx Brothers movies that were well written, by George S. Kaufman or Harry Ruby or S. J. Perelman, Groucho stands out so much you can't see anybody else. But in some of the later movies, where the writing fell off and Groucho isn't supplied with his usual top-level remarks, Harpo is unfailingly funny—incredibly. And again, like Groucho, unbelievably American. . . . Harpo's choice of costume . . . Groucho's choice . . . nothing in the world looks like Groucho and Harpo. Other comedians—there's always a similarity, roughly; but those two Marx brothers were just incredible!" Woody looked at his tribute to Harpo and said again, "I can't believe that's me!"

When I asked Woody what he would be doing by the time you are reading this, he said, "All I'll be doing is preparing my next film—the one I'm writing myself. It's going to be full of silent-film techniques. What I would love to do is come up with a G-rated film, so kids can go. I'd just like to continue to make comedies—something as good as *City Lights* . . . serious and funny. I'll just be sitting in my room finishing up a script . . . a movie script, one-act plays, pieces—sort of stories. I'll be practicing on my clarinet . . . drinking milk shakes [he's fastidious about them]. . . . I just want to make comedies." ■



Harpo MARX

"I can't believe that's me!" said Woody



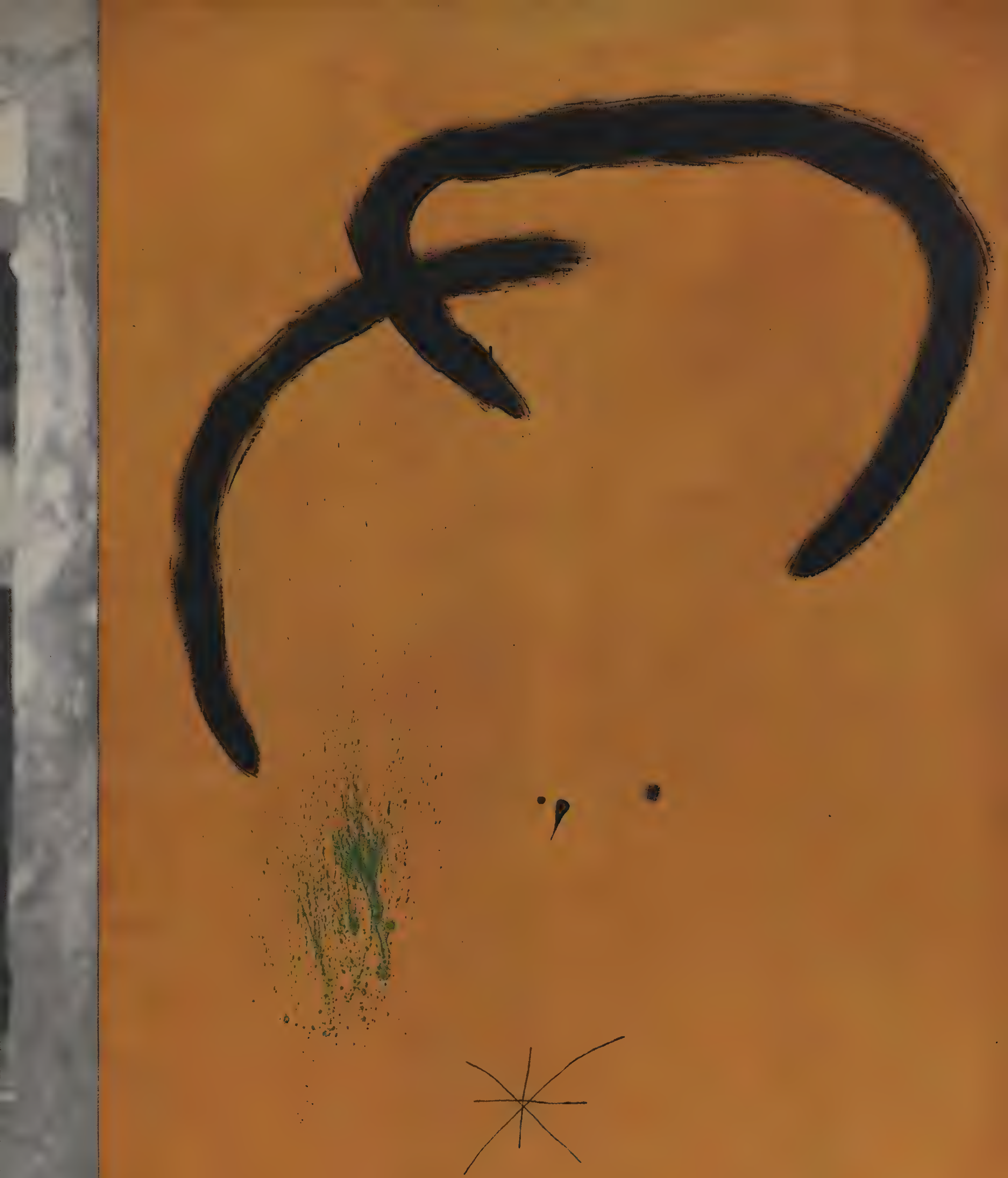
Casino, Zizi, Ooh la la !

Who, in '72, put the o-o-h back in oomph?
Yves Saint Laurent at the Casino de Paris
with its unquenchable star, zizzy Zizi Jeanmaire
(buoyed by two drag queens, *above*), and
the zap-action choreographer
Roland Petit. Saint Laurent shook the old hats
out of burlesque, made sets and costumes
and nakedness shine like something-else-again
Here, glimpses of splendor and skits.

HELMUT NEWTON



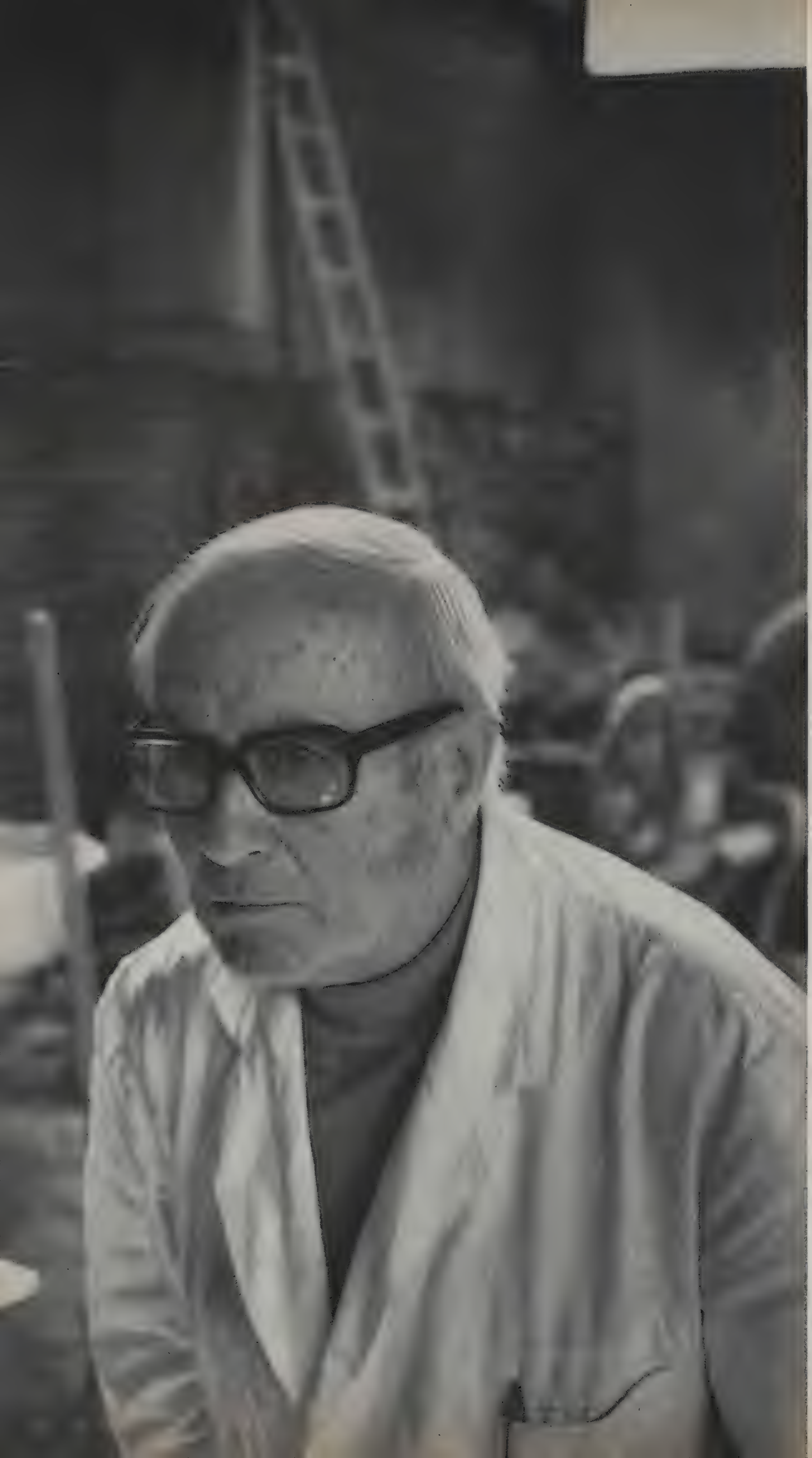
Zut! Ziegfeld,
Van Dongen, decadent Vienna,
Douanier Rousseau,
Scheherazade—
Saint Laurent looks everywhere,
makes it all new
at the Casino de Paris.



Joan Miró

A half-century of great painting

Barbara Rose examines his work, its meaning on the next page



Joan Miró, now nearly eighty, is shown here in a rare 1972 photograph taken for Vogue by Henri Cartier-Bresson in the foundry where Miró works in Paris. A great artist whose work since the 'twenties has inspired other artists—especially in America—he is at last being honored by two important New York exhibitions: now, at The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; next year, at The Museum of Modern Art.

Opposite page: Painted in 1968, one of Miró's recent large paintings using a few ideographic symbols to punctuate a field of radiant color, "Drop of Water on the Rose-Colored Snow" (76⅞" x 51¼"), is on view through January 21 at the Guggenheim. (Painting lent by Galerie Maeght, Paris.)



Gentle revolutionary of art—his weapons: imagination, humor, and irony

Joan Miró

Approaching his eightieth birthday, pioneer modernist Joan Miró remains in spirit the youngest Old Master. Unlike Matisse, who was "reborn" in the 'forties after a serious illness, or Picasso, who appears to be living a second childhood of clownish antics, Miró never lost touch with the whimsy, playful spontaneity, and fantasy of youth. Now Miró is at last being honored by two important New York exhibitions. The present Guggenheim Museum show and the homage to Miró planned for next year by The Museum of Modern Art are especially appropriate, not only as celebrations of the Catalan master's upcoming birthday but also as recognitions of the enormous debt owed Miró by American art.

Born near Barcelona in 1893, Miró is a decade younger than the founders of Cubism. His first mature paintings were brightly colored landscapes of farming villages, like the towns he knew as a child in his native Catalonia. Ernest Hemingway owned the most famous of these, the "Farm" of 1921-22, a painting combining a realistic picture of peasant life with stylized flat geometric shapes. During Miró's first years in Paris, the fantastic gradually eclipsed the real, so that by the time he accepted Surrealist ideas, he was well on the way to seeing reality as a dream world where anything could happen.

In the 'thirties, Miró, adhering to Surrealist practice, emphasized the metamorphic qualities of forms twisting and turning in space, alternately solid and hollow. Disturbed by the Spanish Civil War, he made a rare political statement in an anti-Franco poster. At the outbreak of World War II, Miró left Paris for Majorca, where he painted his celebrated "Constellations" of allover, star-shaped patterns and networks of lines. Murals, prints, and ceramics occupied much of Miró's time after the war, until the great breakthrough of the 'sixties, when he returned to the painterly fields of his work of the 'twenties.

Miró's relationship to recent American painting is complex because it is reciprocal: in an apparently unique art turnabout, Miró was influenced by the very art he inspired. During a trip to New York in 1947 and later in Europe, Miró saw the "new American painting"; and he admits to having been impressed with its openness and expansive mural size. Undoubtedly, seeing his own work of the 'twenties recapitulated in Arshile Gorky's and William Baziotes's biomorphic shapes, Robert Motherwell's automatic splatters, Adolph Gottlieb's symbolic pictographs, and Mark Rothko's atmospheric fields inhabited by floating bits of anatomy must have given the European master a shock. Experiencing his own early work reflected in the paintings of artists working two decades later in another country apparently caused him to reevaluate his daringly spare, prophetic works of the 'twenties.

Many of these paintings—the majority done in the incredibly fertile years 1925-27—are now united in the Guggenheim Museum's exhibition of Miró's works of the 'twenties and the 'sixties titled "Magnetic Fields." Stressing the connection between Miró's first Surrealist works and recent paintings, the show reveals that Miró returned in the 'sixties to the large scale, minimum of calligraphic signs and symbols, ambiguous space transparent washes, and stunning richness of color and light effects that were characteristic of his paintings of the 'twenties.

Miró had abandoned some of these concerns for three decades; because the loose painterly technique, spontaneous style, and above all, radically *empty* space he first explored in the late 'twenties went against the taste for the closely packed, hard-edged geometry of synthetic Cubism at the time dominating modern art. In fact, "The Birth of the World," a 1925 masterpiece just acquired by The Museum of Modern Art, was so misunderstood that it became an embarrassment to its owner, Belgian collector René Gaffé. "It goes without saying that they took Miró for a madman, a *farceur*, or both," Gaffé said. "But they took me for an even greater fool for having bought the picture. The informed opinion of the day was that I had been taken."

Today we look at "The Birth of the World" through new eyes—our vision altered by the painting of such Americans as Barnett Newman and Mark Rothko, who were as daring as Miró in their distillation of painting to its essence of a field of pure color radiant with light. As Cubism taught us to see Manet and Cézanne freshly, so recent American painting, with its sensuous washes and stains of flowing color, has revealed the extraordinary beauty and visionary quality of Miró's paintings of the late 'twenties.

To pair these astonishingly innovative works of Miró's youth—when he overthrew the Cubist conventions of finite space and bounded forms for an indeterminate space penetrated by freely meandering automatic drawing—with paintings done nearly a half century later is an inspired concept. Viewing the two groups of works together, we understand their connection and we also perceive more clearly Miró's relevance for contemporary American painting, still very much indebted to his liberating influence. It gives one pause to realize that no young artist exhibiting in SoHo has outstripped this octogenarian in sheer audacity and risk-taking. For Miró's large mural paintings of the 'sixties are as simple as the most reductive "minimal" art, as flat and vibrant as the most sophisticated stained painting, which Miró's emphasis on the actual material quality of the support—the areas of canvas or, in some cases, burlap or linen left bare and raw—helped to inspire.

Most striking about the Guggenheim exhibition, then, is the extent to which Miró anticipated so many of the current preoccupations of advanced painting. Now, suddenly, Miró—not Matisse or Picasso—looks like the most farsighted of the early modern masters. From today's vantage point, Cubism begins to appear as an abstract version of the closed silhouetted shapes and distinct planes of Renaissance painting. But in Miró's Surrealist paintings this sense of a stable, bounded world is suddenly overturned. Miró's space is not that of the finite, earthly world but a startlingly open cosmos filled with weightless, floating forms often resembling the meteors, comets, stars, and planets of outer space. The absence of a horizon line indicates we are no longer in the world of recognizable objects, where we can easily orient ourselves, but suggests instead that we are in an unfamiliar atmospheric continuum of indefinite dimension and ambiguous depth. In abandoning the layered space of Cubist planes and the closed contours of Cubist shapes, Miró catapults us into an extraterrestrial space, which may be that of the dream, of fantasy, of the interior of the mind, or of the galactic infinity of the universe itself.

What permitted Miró to make this imaginative leap from the world of the known to the world of the unknown? Apparently Surrealism, the French literary movement founded by poets, was the catalyst that freed Miró to move into the realm of visionary experience. To understand Miró, we must understand his relationship to Surrealism. For it was Surrealism that released Miró from the strict rules of Cubism, stimulating not (Continued on page 200)

CICELY TYSON,

STAR–FIRE

Cicely Tyson's low-key, high-caliber career took fire this year from the film Sounder *and from her performance—*
a thunder of understatement with the quiver of a neck tendon, the flick of eyes carrying the power of soliloquy.
"At long last a black woman as a human being, with pride, dignity, strength, and love, a human being capable of all those qualities without regard to race," said Cicely Tyson, right, *who waited, jobless, three years for a part such as this: "It's a complete change from those stereotypes as prostitute, drug addict, vacuous servant girl"*
—until now habits of the big black movies. With her enormous eyes, her expressive gestures, she has a fascination beyond beauty, an assured sense of herself.

AVEDON





The glamorous night bathing suit

evening is the time for glamour... and if the party is in a hot-weather zone and there's a swim by moonlight or spotlight, it's a golden chance for a glamorous night bathing suit. Something shiny, sleek, bare. Curvy where it's there, cut away in flattering lines where it isn't. A suit that lets you flash through the water like a beautiful iridescent fish... that slides under a great sweep of caftan on land... that could take on an armload of gilt bangles in all kinds of textures — see, *opposite* — for extra razzledazzle with bareness. (Without bangles and added glitter, any of these glamorous night bathing suits — here and on the next four pages — could, of course, be glamorous day bathing suits.)...The bikini *above*, shiny satiny knit in a wonderful night color: cognac — think golden and silvery bangles here. Halter-topped, cut high on the leg. By Monika for Elon, of Du Pont nylon and Lycra jersey; $21 at Bonwit Teller. Bangles by Monet; at Lord & Taylor. Black crocheted cap, *right*, by Bobbie Kaplan; at Eve Lost. Hair, on these and the next four pages, combed by Suga.

AVEDON



the glamorous night bathing suit



a

strapless b[illegible], worn with a big black straw hat (guarding against moonburn), black platform clogs, big black plastic bangles and earrings. Suit by Gottex of Israel, of nylon and Lycra. $24. Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

AVEDON



The glamorous night bathing suit



Smashing splashing — or moonbathing around the pool — a glossy and glamorous black bikini with a deep-V top, little pants with soft ties at the sides. Night jewelry to consider for this, after you're slightly bronzed: more bronze for a pile-up of bangles, or a gleaming sculptured ornament for your hair. Night makeup for a shiny night bathing suit: gold, silver, luminous colors for highlights on eyelids, perhaps also on cheeks. And for the body, new Aromatics Polish by Clinique that scents and smoothes skin, gives a pearly finish everywhere (more about this on page 76 of this issue). Bikini by Jantzen, of Antron nylon and Lycra. $16. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Frost Bros.; May D & F.

AVEDON

GOLDEN CHALICE

This sun-hearted lily, top, reaches to the fervent red of "Pirate," right.

SYMBOL OF THE VIRGIN MARY,
OF INNOCENCE, OF PURITY
The most architectural of flowers, ruled, even
at its most exuberant and opulent,
by its classic unvarying six-petal form,
the lily may once have been a
symbol of royal authority and—in the distant
reaches of history—the sign of the
Maiden Huntress, mistress of wild things
and mountain heights.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY IRVING PENN

Lilies, a Glory



GOLDEN SPLENDOR

In full-blown glory, above,
or in dying convolutions, opposite,
the lily remains sculptural,
intact, an inspiration for artists from
Mycenaean Greek to Art Nouveau.

ALL LILIES PROVIDED THROUGH THE COURTESY
OF JAN DEGRAAFF AND THE OREGON BULB FARMS.

JOSEPH PAPP: THE MAN WHO SHOOK AMERICAN THEATER FROM NEW YORK STREETS TO NATIONAL PRIME TIME

BY JOHN GRUEN

The American Dream—romantic, sentimental, primitive, obsessive, and, of course, egomaniacal —can still be dreamed by men clamoring for vast and lasting recognition. Such men, rich or poor, seek to better the world while bettering themselves. Invariably, men dreaming The American Dream have been victims of too much wealth or too much poverty. In every instance, they have wished to escape backgrounds or ties obfuscating visions that, in some secret place within them, assumed an ever greater clarity, an ever greater scope and purpose.

Among such men, Joseph Papp, the New York theatrical producer, is the essence of The American Dream Come True. Consider the achievements: sixteen seasons of free, open-air Shakespeare in Central Park; the Public Theater, in downtown Manhattan, housing four (soon to be five) separate theaters, as well as the Anthology Film Archives, an art gallery, a photo workshop, and a television department; a recently negotiated multimillion-dollar contract between Papp and CBS television, enabling Papp to produce plays of his choice, with an unprecedented clause of total artistic freedom; an $80,000 Rockefeller grant to "explore" the creation of an American National Theater Service Agency, subsidized by government and private funding, to send out new and worthwhile plays throughout the country. Were this not enough, The Ford Foundation has lately queried Papp on the possibility of producing fifty original dramas for public television.

On the creative side, Papp, now in his sixth season at the Public Theater, has recently offered plays so successful that four of them were quickly moved to Broadway: David Rabe's *Sticks and Bones,* Jason Miller's *That Championship Season,* the racially integrated rock-musical version of Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* and an oom-pah-pah version of Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing.* An earlier play, Charles Gordone's *No Place To Be Somebody,* won its author the Pulitzer Prize. Earlier still, Papp's revolutionary production of *Hair,* first done at the Public Theater in 1967, proved a spectacular launching pad for a new and indigenous style of contemporary American theater.

Within this dizzying framework of theatrical activity and ferment, Joseph Papp moves with a kind of restless zest—an alert urgency. He is, in fact, the catalyst and guiding force of all that occurs around him; the indefatigable, rash, brash, fast-talking dispenser of opinion, decision, and final say-so. He suggests a latter-day self-made Hollywood mogul—the man who pulls the strings and calls the shots.

Here Papp sits, in his huge office, in his Public Theater, at his huge desk, smoking his huge cigar. Just outside, in another huge office, sit two secretaries, both probably in love with Joe—so rakishly good-looking, so bold, intense, and go-getting. Papp bought his Public Theater, a building that looks like a Renaissance palace, downtown on Lafayette Street, from the city in 1966, then promptly had it declared a New York City landmark and sold it back to the city. The Public Theater—for the people, of the people—a mini cultural center brims and bristles with all that Joe has wrought. It is not for nothing that Joseph Papp, after years of literally "fighting City Hall," has, of late, been hurled into the mighty arms of the press which, suddenly and with numbing regularity, rhapsodizes over his achievements. After all, who doesn't love the man who dared to dream The Dream and made that dream come true?

When Papp opens the door to his office, three people emerge from it. Everyone is talking at once. "I'll think about it" are Papp's last words to them. Then, spotting me, he says, "Hello, I'm Joseph Papp—come in." Posters, photographs, stage designs, (Continued on page 194)

"I tell you that the theater is necessary. Absolutely necessary."

AVEDON



the new allure in Resort *dressing*



quiet, personal, attractive: for that kind of life, that kind of fashion . . . 12 pages of clean cool blue photographed in the Out Islands of the Bahamas

Clean, cool, simple, personal, modern—a way of dressing that goes with the way of life you find in the Out Islands of the Bahamas, where a thousand or so tiny island-hopping islands dot the turquoise Caribbean for miles and miles . . . pure white sand . . . solitude . . . beauty that's never gone public and never will. Everywhere the atmosphere is private, easy, timeless. The fashions, too—things that are right for this life. Really part of it. With blue the key to the whole feeling . . . blue sky . . . blue water . . . clear blue air . . . blue, blue yonder . . . blue against bare skin—the most becoming color to have on as you pick up a tan. . . . The resort blues, opposite: blue maillot, blue eyes, blue nail polish—the first of its kind, it's Max Factor's deliciously pale Baby Blue, one of the UltraLucent Cremes in their Nail Confections (another to try is a shade or two brighter and called Bon Bon Blue). . . . A must-have, this page: a great big cotton scarf of a dress you wrap and tie like a halter over bare skin or a bikini—when you're hopping somewhere for lunch. Thin, thin, thin . . . billowy . . . blowy. Knockout. By Lanvin. About $55. Mid-December, Martha; B. Forman, Swanson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page. Coifs, makeup, these 12 pages, Franklyn Welsh.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

Resort blues... the oversize shirt, the real maillot

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN





This maillot works, right: it's meant for swimming and scuba diving and looks it—low-cut back, cross-straps, and all. And that's why you like it: it does exactly what it's supposed to . . . and does it, here, in the clear blue water off Eleuthera. Catalina maillot of Antron nylon and Lycra. $20. Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; J. W. Robinson.

The shirt with the bandeau, left—like a man's shirt scaled-down—the one you always borrow for the beach. This, in thin cool cotton, wide open, sleeves rolled, the matching bandeau tied on underneath (so you can take the shirt off and be bare). With a soft blue brushed-cotton skirt—the way you want to look for a picnic on Rudder Cut, one of several hundred Exuma Cays . . . hop to it in your sturdy little Piper Aztec . . . it's all part of the Out Islands life. Turnout from Something! by Oscar de la Renta. Skirt (Wamsutta Fabric), about $46; shirt, about $34, and bandeau, about $12, of polyester and cotton (Crantex fabric). Altman's; Sakowitz; May D & F; Bullock's Wilshire. Accessories, next to last page.


FL 2532 AV

Resort blues ...the sailing parka, the knit sweater set and pants

Sharpest way to look sailing, left: a nylon parka lined in cotton terry and zipped on over crew-neck stripes, chopped shorts—just the kind of gear you want when cruising around the Out Islands, as here . . . biking . . . walking along the beach on a coolish day. White Stag. Parka, $20; cotton stretch top, $10; shorts, of cotton (Greenwood Mills fabric) and Wear-Dated Monsanto polyester, $15. Mid-December, Altman's.

Wool knits you can travel in, above: under furs when it's cold . . . without the cardigan when it's warm . . . and as here, coming off an Out Island Airways plane at Eleuthera's Rock Sound Airport. All by Kimberly; knitted in America. About $135. Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Kaufmann's; Burdine's; Dayton's; Nordstrom Best. Accessory details, next to last page of this issue.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN



Resort blues...
the nifty cotton prints

Go to market in blue-and-beige stripes, left—a crisp little cotton shirtdress with a drawstring waist—and you'll come home looking as fresh as this, even under the midday Out Island sun. Carol Horn. About $44. Mid-December at Altman's; Marie Leavell; I. Magnin. Blue-and-white batik for cool cover, above—an easy cotton shirtdress side-slit to the knee, with collar, cuffs, and front button-tab in a contrasting print. Just what you want for sightseeing at the Straw Market, or any day next summer. Kasper for Joan Leslie; China Seas fabric. About $105. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Halle's-Cleveland; Jacobson's; Joseph Magnin. Thin, thin cotton, shirt-jacket in one print, right, blowy pants in a bigger, bluer print that never seem to touch the legs. If you're invited to lunch and a swim: this is it . . . or later, for drinks on the porch, gazing out over the Atlantic from the Eleuthera Out Island point of view. Chester Weinberg; China Seas fabric. About $200. Lord & Taylor; Stanley Korshak; Swanson's; Lou Lattimore; Joseph Magnin. Accessories, next to last page.

YOUSUF KARSHANIAN

Resort blues... and tennis whites

KOURKEN PAKCHAN AW



Blue-striped cardigan over a white T-dress for tennis, opposite—very neat and easy for your life on court . . . smashing here at the Windermere Island Club, Eleuthera, part of the sun-and-games life in the Bahama Out Islands. Court I; cotton chenille knit. Dress, about $26; cardigan, about $22. Saks Fifth Avenue. A blue that ends all blue, right—shirt-jacket over a bare-backed halter and straight pants, in a heavenly light sky blue that's perfect with tan—or almost tan—skin. Wear it by day with sandals and a dashy big batik hat (you'll look sensational on a walk through the sea pines of Eleuthera); by night—gold sandals and an armload of gold bangles would be great. Tan Giudicelli for Mic Mac; cotton and rayon. Jacket, about $35; halter, about $25; pants, about $35. Bloomingdale's; Lou Lattimore; Country Club Fashions. Accessories, next to last page.

Resort blues and ivory... the gauzy cotton caftans

The coolest kind of dressing in the world —thin, gauzy crinkle cotton. . . . Slip into a chopped caftan and pants in pale blue, opposite, and sail fresh as a breeze through a hot game of chess . . . played out here in the "sweet-sweet" Out Island quiet on the porch of Provender—one of the down-to-the-sea houses on Windermere Island, Eleuthera. Carol Horn turnout; Axelrod fabric. Top, about $28; pants, about $26. Mid-December, at Franklin Simon; Famous-Barr; I. Magnin. The long caftan, this page—transparent and airy. Nothing feels better on after a swim and shower—or looks better over bare tanned skin. By Carol Horn; Axelrod fabric. About $50. Mid-December, at Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Coifs and makeup, these 12 pages, by Franklyn Welsh. Accessory details, next to last page of this issue.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

Exigent, fantastical Luchino Visconti has, for a quarter of a century, run a one-man cultural revolution in film, theater, opera. At heart: his passionate vision of perfect grandeur—or decadence.

BY CURTIS BILL PEPPER

VISCONTI'S VISION

Luchino Visconti, in the living room of his Roman villa, was talking on the phone. Dressed in grey flannel and beige cashmere, he sat on a deep-green eighteenth-century sofa, his buckled moccasins dark brown on an immense black-and-ivory Kairouan rug. As he spoke, one looked elsewhere, thinking that a room such as this had the ability to speak for its owner.

On a side table lay an opera score and a film script. Beyond this stood the figure of a Moorish slave boy, wearing gold cloth and upholding a lamp. Paintings covered the walls, with *objets* and bric-a-brac filling every corner—ancestral icons of a family descending from Desiderius, father-in-law to Charlemagne. Beyond double-thick tinted-glass doors, an Afghan hound roamed the garden; and, beyond that, along the Via Salaria, the traffic sounded as distant and unreal as in a dream.

Yet, one recalled, it was from this isolated elegance that the Italian director had launched his cultural revolutions. From here, his first film, *Ossessione,* ushered in Italian neorealism. About two years later (after the liberation of Rome and after he had been seized for anti-Fascist activity, locked nine days in a toilet, then marked for execution), his production of Jean Cocteau's *The Terrible Parents* created a new Italian theater. And, beginning in 1954 with Maria Callas in *La Vestale,* he shook the opera world with productions that the London *Times* hailed as "the work of a genius."

Visconti speaks with force and clarity, displaying a high intelligence, traces of ironic humor, and the privileged impatience of an aristocrat who is not used to being interrupted. At sixty-six, he is a craggily handsome man with grey hair, a hawk-nose profile, and dark-brown eyes with a naked warmth that seems lost in such an assembly of features. The face appears to confirm a concept held by one of his close collaborators:

"Visconti is two people. One is Luchino, profoundly human, understanding, affectionate, and of a delicious gentleness. The other is the face of Visconti di Modrone, the authoritative count, the absolute despot. It's probably the unity of these two that makes him a perfect artist."

One wondered if it were this—two men warring within the same body—that gave Visconti his extraordinary power and range as a director; for that was the subject of the interview.

Admittedly, there were some people who simply did not like the films of Luchino Visconti—and never would. It did not matter how many prizes the films won, nor how many critics (mostly European) praised them. Other critics (mostly American) would confirm his films are long, sluggish, and overblown with feeble underpinnings of sexual disarray—never capable of real tragedy, because they are forever gay at heart.

Yet even those who fail to connect with Visconti's cinema (this also being difficult because many of his major works have been gutted by censors and producers) will generally admit he is one of the world's most versatile directors. In fourteen films, thirty-eight plays, sixteen operas, and two ballets, he has displayed an extraordinary genius for visual surface and theatrical scene that can resurrect the past with startling reality.

It has always been that way with Visconti. But his last two films—*The Damned* and *Death in Venice*—are especially overwhelming in their ability to relive lost epochs. His women, their beauty haloed by hats of another era, his men, impeccable in manner and fashion of a forgotten age, seem to step out of the past as though preserved by some miracle of time and chance, once more to go through their allotted span of passion, betrayal, and self-destruction, which Visconti sees as integral to the human experience.

How did Visconti achieve such a convincing sense of reality? Was it obtained, as many believed, by a fanatical attention to detail, by giving as much care to props, scenery, and costumes as he did to his actors' performances?

Visconti smiled and shook his head.

"It's not any one thing," he (Continued on page 199)

AVEDON



VISCONTI'S VISION

The fantastic depends on true detail.
Here, from Visconti's new film, "Ludwig," the Venus Grotto of Linderhof Castle.
Right: Helmut Berger as a brooding Ludwig II of Bavaria

MARIO TURSI


KAREN RADKAI

VISCONTI'S VISION

uman drama is built by silences. Here, Romy Schneider in "Ludwig" as the brilliant, tragic Elizabeth of Austria in the wordless poetry of snow.

KAREN RADKAI



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The extraordinary case of the jitters Americans have acquired since the Election—part growing pains, part displeasure with the self-inflicted austerity that inflation has brought, part embarrassment with the persistent optimism popping up out of the communal gloom. . . . **ELIZABETH TAYLOR,** tidying up after a glorious scene in her new suspense movie Night Watch, and her remark, "They don't make mirrors the way they used to." . . . The struggle on Broadway to get something, anything on the boards that isn't more 'sixties fricassee.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Maggie Smith, all glamour-socko in the movie version of Graham Greene's Travels With My Aunt. . . . Sadness, Donald Barthelme's collection of short stories, beautifully tossed-off, with a lingering mordant bite. . . . **BOBBY SHORT** tickling the keys in his new album The Very Best of Bobby Short. . . . The astonishing medical research tracing the roots of some forms of schizophrenia to the first weeks of infancy.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Faye Dunaway and Richard Chamberlain as **WALLIS SIMPSON** and **KING EDWARD VIII** in The Woman I Love, a television drama, banned for no good reason in Great Britain, about the romance of the century on ABC, December 17, 10 P.M. EST. . . . **JOHN WAYNE**'s campaign to play George Washington in at least one of the movie or television productions now in the works for 1976.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The new novel 62: A Model Kit by Julio Cortázar, the brilliant South American writer, a braintease with all the excitement of a really first-rate detective novel. . . . **LAURENCE OLIVIER** pitted against **MICHAEL CAINE** in the film version of the stage hit Sleuth, with some new twists added: quite something. . . . The Visconti Hours, the luxurious facsimile edition of the medieval Italian miniatures, teeming with a religious vision both sublime and human.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The empty debate on values using such terms as "the work ethic" and Lawrence Fuchs's study of American family life, Family Matters, which finds that obsessive insistence on personal independence is destroying the fabric of our society. His remedy: "Bring back the fathers." . . . **JOANNE WOODWARD,** a stunner in the movie version of the Off-Broadway hit The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds, directed by her husband, Paul Newman. . . . **JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO** and his observation about women: "Women over thirty are at their best, but men over thirty are too old to recognize it."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Carol Burnett, in her first big movie role, pitted against Walter Matthau in Pete 'n' Tillie: heaven. . . . André Kertesz, a book of more than 250 of his photographs taken from 1911 to 1972, deeply personal and deeply haunting. . . . **PERRY COMO,** much-missed, returning for a Christmas special, December 4, CBS, 9:00 P.M. EST. . . . **AL GREEN,** a shy but endearing new singing star and his new album I'm Still in Love with You, great to dance to.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . George C. Scott, Julie Christie, and Nicol Williamson, promised early next year in an incredible production of Uncle Vanya directed by **MIKE NICHOLS.** . . . A big Christmas present this year: a fifth of Moët et Chandon champagne and a bottle of perfume boxed together by the French conglomerate that now bottles both. . . . Academics of both parties who are jealously humming, "Who's Kissinger now?" . . . **SOPHIA LOREN, PETER O'TOOLE,** and **JAMES COCO,** apparent casualties of a manic makeup crew, in the overdone film version of Man of La Mancha. . . . The woman who is giving all her friends handmade white satin book covers to hide the black bindings of their Social Registers.

JEAN DUBUFFET'S JOYFUL NEW SCULPTURE IN NEW YORK

"GROUP OF FOUR TREES," *is French painter and sculptor Jean Dubuffet's title for his forty-two-foot-high, twenty-five-ton monumental sculpture commissioned by David Rockefeller for the Wall Street area plaza of The Chase Manhattan Bank. Dubuffet's largest and most ambitious outdoor work to date, "Group of Four Trees" is the culmination of the artist's search for an art suitable to urban, industrial society. To some in the enthusiastic crowd at the recent unveiling, the curving, flowering forms suggested mushrooms or butterflies rather than the vertical trunks and horizontally extending branches in Dubuffet's mind. Whatever their association, the billowing expansive forms of "Group of Four Trees" create a brilliant contemporary statement melding natural and urban images that is ideally suited to creating excitement in a city space. Walking underneath its "trunks," looking up at the tilting, twisting "branches" suspended like spiral ramps, one is exhilarated by the energy and vitality of the artist's conception, refreshingly free of the formal academicism of official public art. Painting black linear patterns in the caricature style of his latest "Hourloupe" series on the complex white fiber-glass structure, Dubuffet provides intricate visual detail that finely balances the gigantic scale of the work, bringing it visually into line with human proportions. A stunning achievement of the intellect and the imagination.—BARBARA ROSE*

ARTHUR LAVINE



NORMAN NORELL 1900-1972

The great master whose complete dedication to his task brought self-assurance to the women of America, who trusted his unerring sense of quality, timing, and exciting elegance.

His measure of perfection:
"There are no easy ways out."

Backstage,
1963:
Norman Norell
with one of
his favorite models,
Claudia.

BERT STERN





(Continued from page 170)

"Whenever I produce something,

date charts line the walls. Enormous windows filter a midafternoon sun. At considerable distance from Papp's paper-laden desk is a living-room arrangement of couch, easy chairs, and coffee table. He rises from behind his desk, leaves his cigar in an ashtray, and motions me to sit with him in the easy chairs.

"You understand, I can only give you forty-five minutes," he says with a certain nervous finality. Wearing a beige suit, white shirt, and narrow tie, Papp looks at least six years younger than his fifty-one years. He is of medium height, trim, and has the city-bred looks of a more evenly featured John Garfield. The 'thirties and 'forties cling to him like some invisible film. He exudes a kind of angry energy—a withheld anger, a withheld energy. And he *is* fast talking, fitfully impatient, and not-so-subtly aware of himself. The sound of his voice is strictly New York City: tough, cool, contained.

"People go into the theater for a variety of reasons," Papp says, answering my question as to why *he* had. "Some, because they can't do anything else; and some, because, as the saying goes, they've caught the bug. I don't think I'm one of those people. I've never really found a separation between my life and the theater. I still find no distinction between the two. Of course, I have a very active inner life. For example, I feel that I never really sleep. I feel that I'm awake twenty-four hours a day. It's not that I'm not sleeping. But I feel I'm not wasting my life sleeping. I feel very good about that—that I'm spending all my life being alive."

All this is spoken at a rapid clip, the body thrust forward, the brow knit, the eyes fixed in concentration.

"I had very little education as a boy. And I don't know exactly what my dreams were. I guess, at that time, during the Depression, my major dream was to live in a steam-heated apartment with lamps instead of overhead lighting. I always used to look in windows and see lamps. That just always got to me, the lamps. So my dream was a kind of well-being thing—about material things, like a nice place to live. People come out in different ways from that sort of environment. Some of my friends became policemen. Others became gangsters. As for me, from the age of ten or eleven, I was always out working. I'd be out on the streets very early in the morning, selling fruit or collecting garbage."

Papp, born Joseph Papirofsky, comes out of Williamsburg, one of the toughest sections in Brooklyn. His Polish father was a trunkmaker, his Lithuanian mother, a seamstress.

One of four children, Joseph endured every deprivation and humiliation that goes with abject poverty—and the Papirofskys were the poorest Jews on the block. Frail and small, Joe never joined a gang and so was beaten up regularly. A bad lisp (since cured) contributed to endless insecurities. Solace was found in music and in books and, by the age of twelve, in the discovery of Shakespeare. He would memorize long speeches and recite them to himself. The love of Shakespeare and the love of movies, vaudeville, and theater in general became boyhood obsessions.

"As I grew older, I had no career and no profession," Papp continues. "I wanted desperately to go to a college, but there was just no way. So I accepted that and took on a whole series of different jobs. I also became active politically. I was always on the left of center, because of the nature of things. And I became interested in the radical movement. I'm still interested in it—that hasn't changed a bit. I mean, I've been very active in the Peace Movement and was arrested a few times in Washington.

"But to go back. World War II came along, and I found myself in the Navy. I remember being on a flattop and suddenly saying to myself, 'If I get out of this alive, I'll do exactly what I feel like doing.' "

What Papp felt like doing—and it took quite a bit of doing—was bringing theater to the people. In 1953, he gathered together some actors and began a workshop in Shakespeare. By 1956, he was ready to launch his first free Shakespeare season. He opened in an open-air shell near the East River. The following year, Joe Papp was in Central Park. It was by no means easy. There were endless feuds with Robert Moses, the Parks Commissioner then. There were feuds with the city. There were feuds with every type of petty official. Slowly, the press picked the feuds up and, for the most part, took up Joe's cause. Before long, Joseph Papp emerged the victor. The city began pouring money into Papp's free Shakespeare project; and such private benefactors as publisher George T. Delacorte contributed large sums so that the New York Shakespeare Festival could exist in Central Park and finally become an institution. Much the same fight—again with Papp in high dudgeon—had to be waged to win and establish the Public Theater.

"You see," says Papp, "my whole feeling from the beginning is that the theater and the arts in general are as important to society as anything. Now, the vast majority of people in this country don't really want to hear about you, because they think you're not important to society. There are politicians around who either indirectly destroy you or wipe you out when you come up and make a demand. But I tell you that theater is necessary. Absolutely necessary. I'm doing people a favor by asking them to support it. It's necessary for *them*—for the city, for business. What I'm trying to say is that I was angry from the very beginning. Later, people said I was fanatical. I didn't think I was fanatical. I just thought the thrust of the theater was very important to the lives of people. And I would let nothing stand in its way. Of course, there were times when I felt so defeated by the defeats—and there were so many—that I felt I just couldn't go on. But then, every defeat would fill me with such anger that I just pushed ahead.

"The plays I love are the plays I feel. Take David Rabe, as a writer. Now, I totally identify with him, and in almost every way. I feel his pain. I feel his ability to articulate things that ordinary people can't talk about. Well, he can talk about them. And what he says is real—and I trust that. The point is, he shows reality from a different point of view. The approach is from the side. It's the sideswiping kind of mind that I'm interested in.

"Then, of course, there's Shakespeare. I began with him. I was interested in the richness of the language, and I was interested in the humanity of Shakespeare—and I was interested in finding an American way of playing him. I felt we had been too much influenced by British styles. So I set myself an artistic objective. I asked myself, 'How can American actors perform in Shakespeare, do justice to the language and the poetry and the meter and still be real, find a kind of American speech that was not local in any way but was good American speech?' I felt there was a vitality in the American way of doing things. And so, I found actors—such American actors as George C. Scott, Colleen Dewhurst, Stacey Keach, James Earl Jones, and others—to play Shakespeare, and my objective was achieved.

"But, along with the Americanization of Shakespeare, I felt Shakespeare was a social force. I felt he would be more understandable to masses of people than a play written, say, ten years ago. And I was right. When we began to move Shakespeare around the city with our Mobile Theater, playing for people who never saw a play before, there were the most incredible silences. I mean, during the longest, most poetic passages in Shakespeare, nobody moved, nobody shuffled, nobody talked. It demonstrated that a great artist can reach people of all backgrounds, without regard to their education. I guess I was also trying to prove something to myself: the fact that I responded so well, with no training in Shakespeare at all, and never even having been exposed to someone teaching Shakespeare.

"Of course, after many years of doing Shakespeare, I felt that for theater to be alive and vital, I also had to produce contemporary works. Here, I was unquestionably influenced by The Royal Shakespeare Company and its work in England, because they, too, found the meeting ground between Shakespeare and the contemporary.

"Look, the forefront of the theater has to be a play that, for

I know the time is right for it"

the most part, deals with contemporary issues—in an artistic way. I'm not interested in propaganda plays or didactic plays. In other words, I want plays that have immediate contemporary significance. I don't want journalism, and I don't want reportage. Most of the time, when such plays are good, they come out of a deep experience of the writer. And that's tough to achieve, because it takes years for a writer to have some perspective on what's happening now—in his own time. Again, I must go back to David Rabe. When he wrote *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* and *Sticks and Bones*, the plays seemed to be about the war in Vietnam. In point of fact, neither play had anything to do with Vietnam. The plays dealt with the emotional issues involved—the emotional by-products of a war. They weren't concerned with telling you a story of what happened in Vietnam or about some guy having a love affair with a Vietnamese woman.

"I look for dimension in a play. As you know, I work with many black writers. What interested me about Charles Gordone's play *No Place To Be Somebody* was the fact that it wasn't a one-dimensional play. You see, just to attack whites is not enough. I walk out of such plays. But when Gordone or LeRoi Jones does it, I accept it, because it's done with artistry and with honesty and with immediacy.

"What I'm saying is that I have antennae out. I can tell what the feeling of the time is around me—at least, in *my* world. Whenever I produce something, I know the time is right for it."

Joseph Papp, highly communicative when it comes to theater, becomes thoroughly reticent about his private life. "I can't satisfy your curiosity," he says. "I mean, you are writing an interview for Vogue. At some point, when you are writing a novel like Dostoevsky or Tolstoy, we'll sit down and talk. For this I can only give you superficial answers. I've been married three times. Now I'm married to a girl who's a family therapist, and we have two children: Miranda, fourteen, and Anthony, eleven. My wife's favorite question is, 'Will you be home tonight?' And my answer is usually, 'No.' But I spend time with her, and I spend time with our children, usually in the early mornings. Look, you don't spend much time with children—just significant time. It's the *kind* of relationship that counts, and it's established in a few moments by *real* care and concern. I mean, I feel it. I can literally feel the connection when it happens with my daughter and my son. I *know* it's there. And I know they don't need me for the rest of the day. They can live on that—as can I.

"And so, I really live mainly here, in the theater. I touch everything that is produced here. I choose all the plays, how they're done, how they finally end up. Once I have confidence in someone, I let him 'go.' I don't sit on anyone's shoulders. But I come in at a particular time. At the outset of a play, I'm very much concerned with the relationship between an author and a director, and with the cast. Once that gets going, I leave them alone for quite awhile. But on the homestretch, I come in again.

Joseph Papp: "I'm not wasting my life when I'm sleeping; I'm spending all my life being alive"

"Whatever I do, it's always about looking forward. Now I'm involved with television. I've signed a four-year agreement with CBS. This undertaking will reach millions of Americans in their homes—with my kind of material. We'll present new plays and classics, and we'll start out with *Much Ado About Nothing*, then move on to *Sticks and Bones*. It's a fantastic opportunity, and I have a great deal of control. I'm also involved with the creation of a National Theater: a real, first-rate theater that represents this country, that becomes a symbol of the theater of the United States. Of course, it's creating all kinds of fears among professional theater groups. They're all thinking, 'Joe Papp wants to take over and determine what the quality of the American theater is to be.' Well, nothing could be further from the truth. I've got my own National Theater here. But I think there should be a resurgence of touring in this country, based on the existing professional companies who will be tied to this new idea of a National Theater. A lot of egos will have to be dealt with for the good of the country."

Papp's phone buzzer now begins to ring in earnest. Throughout our talk, there have been interruptions: urgent calls from the Coast, where *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is being mounted. A call from an agent, a call from his young son, a call from his wife, interoffice calls. Several times, members of Papp's staff have walked into his office seeking approval of an advertising layout, needing answers about a cast change, a contract clause, an audition. In every instance, Papp's decisions are fast, precise, clearly articulated. There is no question that everything revolves around him, and that his word is the law.

"You seem to have achieved everything you've set out to achieve," I tell Papp.

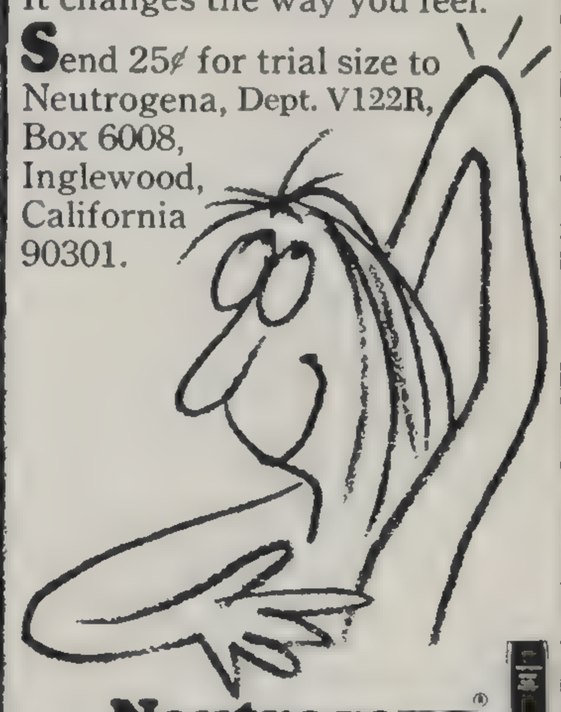
"You're wrong," he replies. "First of all, it's impossible, ever, in any creative work to say, 'I've set out to achieve this, and I've achieved it.' You may have finished a piece of work. But what do you do tomorrow? Don't you see, your *life* is your creativity—there's no separation. And your life is not the last thing you did. That would be devastating. I don't separate my creative life from my existence. I go on, which means I have to live. And in living, you have to constantly change, constantly grow, and constantly become aware of new things. This is not something I impose on myself. It's a need. Without it, I would vegetate. Of course, you have to protect yourself from the pressures, which can be extraordinary. I try to keep myself together. That's really the main thing—keeping yourself together. Otherwise, you'll be destroyed. And I have no intention of being destroyed by anything or anyone." ■

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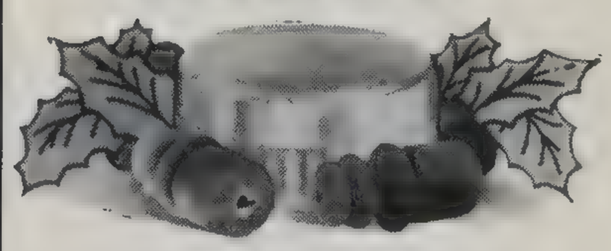
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(Continued from page 184)

"Official moralists removing violence from my films do violence to the morality of the films"

said. "It's everything together . . . and something more. It's like the human body. How can you say one organ is more important than the other? All of them together give us life. Separately, they are useless bits." He admitted, however, that each element in a film (or play, or opera) had its effect upon the others—some of them in hidden ways.

There were, for example, the costumes used in *The Damned* that Piero Tosi had assembled from secondhand shops, private collections, or re-created from fashions at the time of the Third Reich—including an exact copy of the outfit Marlene Dietrich wore in *The Blue Angel* to sing "Falling in Love Again, Can't Help It."

As could be expected in a Visconti tale of depravity under Nazism, Marlene's clothes are worn by a hairy-legged transvestite. In other day scenes, women in mannish suits with wide lapels and 'thirties side-tilted hats proudly embraced their men in uniform—crimped hair and deep-vermilion lips nestling close to the SS death-head insignia. At night, their bodies sheathed in silver lamé or bias-cut silk, they waltzed dreamily under giant swastikas—all of it suggesting a moral abandon and human despair unknown even to the first Dr. Faustus.

Clothes, however, do more than this. According to Visconti, they often help the actors to move and live as the people did who originally wore them—thereby making the film more credible. It was a special proclivity of clothes themselves.

"Clothes can affect body movement, and even our gestures," he explained. "A woman in pants moves one way, in a skirt, another. Also, a woman in a short skirt walks and sits differently from one in a long one—not to mention those bound up in high bodices or crinolines. Similarly, you'll note a man moves differently in a uniform than in a business suit."

Other props also had their effect. Take, for example, the oak floor in the family mansion of *The Damned*. Visconti refused to accept a prepared pine flooring and took five days to have an oak parquet laid, properly consonant with the mansion of a German steel tycoon. After it was finished, Visconti recalled, Dirk Bogarde said it was the greatest floor ever.

"It's perfect!" exclaimed the actor. "It *sounds* like oak when you walk on it. It makes you feel small, like nobody. That floor should have star billing!"

Besides props that spoke with authority, there was also music used in place of speech. Wagner, jazz, and the Horst Wessel song recalled the hope and despair of an era, of a moment—or, too often, a lost moment.

Each of these affected the other and, in a curious way, were interrelated in their functions.

"Just as music is composed of differing intervals of sound and silence, so human drama and cinematic realism are built by intervals of silence within the human will—the missing word, the pause, the failure to act."

Elsewhere, in theater and opera, Visconti has also insisted upon the real thing when he felt it was necessary to create an authentic atmosphere.

In staging *Death of a Salesman*, for example, he placed an old car backstage, since a recording of the car motor did not have the effect he wanted. In Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*, a live band was assembled in the wings for only a few bars of music. In opera, he has ransacked warehouses to find old backdrops or original scores. "Our goal should be to dust off, not change or alter the original masterpiece. You don't slap bright colors on a dark Titian to make it more interesting. You clean off the crust to get to the real picture."

"A film of a slum or a factory on strike isn't automatically realistic. A copy of reality is never art. Art is the re-invention of reality. But you have to start with reality itself before you are able to alter or edit it in telling your story."

This also applied to the use of color: "You must use color as a painter does, to re-invent the reality of a place or the feeling of a moment. Color must be used sparingly, for dramatic effect, and sometimes not at all. At first I thought of making *Rocco and His Brothers* in color. Then I decided it was best in grey; because those homeless peasants, coming from the south and seeing snow for the first time on the cathedral, with morning mist, would think of Milan as a grey city."

Thus realism—past or present—was not built alone on physical objects or spoken words. It was also sustained by implicit meanings that could be conveyed by gesture, style, color, and sound—separate, interacting elements within the body of the work. And just as a human body needed internal life to nourish its elements, so a dramatic work needed continuity of theme to nourish itself.

"My chief concern is to make the continuity real and enduring, so that interior sentiments also live. If you don't have this, then all the technique in the world won't help you."

Was there also a continuity of theme among his films, linking them together?

"The family," he replied. "All my films are about the family."

This meant he used the family as a many-celled unit—linked by blood, sex, property, or need—to move through time onto any level of historic consciousness. He calls this form of cinema "anthropomorphic"—meaning, briefly, the use of the human form and human drama to convey the totality of a historical situation.

Visconti's families, however, are forever getting crushed in the process. His protagonists seldom survive anything or, at best, are left unable to act. As a result, one wondered whether he was arbitrarily "reading" history to confirm his concept of a fixed human destiny or did he find history so fixed in its destructive capacity that man had no exit other than the pessimistic ones described in his films?

With a frown, Visconti waved this away. "Ridiculous. Obviously, history is not fixed. It's made by man; and if he's destroyed by his society, it's the result of institutions that we must change. True realism in films is there, in a historical frame. That's what I've tried to produce, against official moralists who've never understood that when they remove violence from my films, they do violence to the morality of the film."

The smile was gone and again one saw the grim face of the authoritative count, the absolute despot. Here was a Piedmontese aristocrat, trying to say in films that the people of his class had betrayed the Italian Risorgimento, had used *trasformismo* to sell out the promise of a revolution. The world that had nourished him was crumbling; but he was not going to crumble with it. The past could not hold him, nor could a deep-seated pessimism paralyze the will to reorder the world.

One recalled that this man, from childhood, had been a rebel and a loner, escaping first into the self-ordered world of marionettes, then into music (giving cello recitals at twelve), and finally running away four times before he was eighteen. An exasperated father, the Duke of Grazzano, sent him to cavalry school where his penchant for flight was shunted into racehorses, which he bred until rebellion against authority extended to Fascism.

In France in 1936, Visconti met Jean Renoir through Coco Chanel and worked briefly as Renoir's third assistant, moving then into left-wing circles. Subsequent Fascist seizure and imprisonment in Rome's infamous Pensione Jaccarino entrenched Visconti further on the left.

The result was not simply a Marxist count who appears to vote left and live right. It was, rather, a dedicated artist who has sought to put his beliefs into his work—and into the ballot box.

Visconti had stated to the Communist-party paper *L'Unità:* "I'm voting Communist because I'm an anti-Fascist. The struggle is not only rebellion against tyranny but also to modify profoundly the social structure that made possible and even inevitable that birth of Fascism."

If some critics found more despair than hope in his films, it depended upon how they read them. "If I show betrayal in a family, or betrayal of the Italians by the Piedmontese, it's to make clear how this happened so that, one hopes, it will not occur again."

This applied to the grim picture of Nazism in *The Damned*, to the aged Aschenbach seeking life in *Death in Venice*, and, most especially, to the subject of his forthcoming film, King Ludwig, or Louis II of Bavaria, who

(Continued on page 206)



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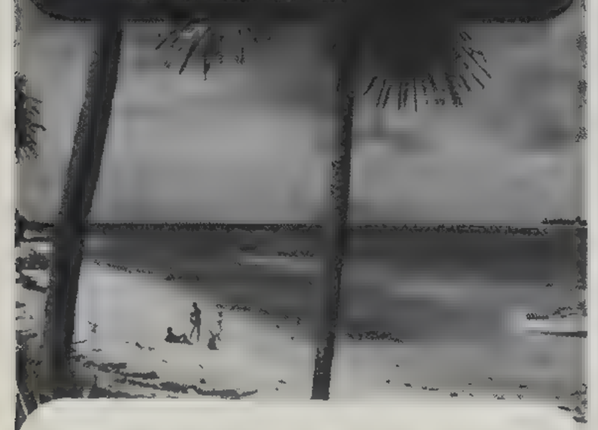
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JOAN MIRO

Painting that has the intensity, compression, and freedom of association of poetry

(Continued from page 158)

only his imagination but also his productivity which suddenly increased from a few canvases a year to a steady stream of brilliant paintings beginning in 1925. Not coincidentally, Miró's first Surrealist paintings were done within months of the publication of the Surrealist Manifesto, composed by the poet André Breton in 1924.

William Rubin, who is organizing the exhibition of Miró's works from the collection of The Museum of Modern Art to open in the fall of 1973, has written of the importance of Surrealist automatism—interpreted by painters as freely improvised drawing resembling doodling—as well as the significance of *peinture-poesie*, painting that would resemble poetry in its evocative imagery, in his history of Dada and Surrealism. Both automatism, which permitted the artist to probe the unconscious by setting aside for the moment the mind's various censoring mechanisms, and the idea of poetic painting were crucial for Miró. The use of automatic techniques, both in drawing and in painting, allowed Miró to generate his compositions spontaneously instead of planning them rigidly in advance. "Rather than setting out to paint something, I begin by painting; and as I paint, the picture begins to assert itself or to suggest itself under my brush. The form becomes a sign for a woman or a bird as I work," Miró has said of his method.

Poetry, which has had a lifelong attraction for Miró, provided him with a new iconography, a fresh subject matter adaptable to painting that aspired to go beyond the objects in the studio to embrace the mystery of the universe itself. Even before Miró's arrival in Paris in 1919 when he was twenty-six, he had read modern poetry in avant-garde magazines published in his native Catalonia. In Paris, he spent more time with poets than painters. The importance of poetry to Miró is emphasized by Margit Rowell and Rosalind Krauss, organizers of the Guggenheim exhibition, in their important catalogue. So central did they feel poetry to be to Miró's development, they chose to call the exhibition "Magnetic Fields" after a 1920 book with that title, by André Breton and Philippe Soupault, that announced many of the themes of Surrealist poetry.

Among the Surrealist painters, Miró was unique in his fidelity to the poetic element in painting, not as an academic illustration of poetic themes but in terms of the intensity, compression, and freedom of association of poetry in comparison with prose. Because of his faithfulness to the spirit of poetry, he was the greatest of the Surrealist painters, the only one to transcend the literary element and paint pure paintings that were no less abstract for the presence of evocative poetic imagery. André Breton himself was the first to notice the abstract, exclusively visual quality in Miró's works, and he did not much like it. He saw it in fact as a betrayal of Surrealist principles: "Of the thousands of problems which preoccupy him to no degree at all, even though they are the ones which trouble the human spirit, there is only one perhaps towards which Miró has any inclination: to abandon himself to painting, and only to painting," Breton complained.

> ***Miró: "I begin by painting; and . . . the picture begins to assert itself . . . under my brush"***

From another vantage point, we judge what Breton saw as Miró's limitations as the painter's strengths. Today, what we see is that, although a Surrealist attitude inspired many modern artists, the Surrealist esthetic produced only one genius in painting for whom automatism and *peinture-poesie* served as the basis for a total reformulation of the kind of drawing and space possible in painting.

Among the many claims of the Surrealists, a group not known for their reticence, was the assertion that Surrealism invented modern consciousness. This is probably an exaggeration. However, the history of modern painting shows that the only truly new ideas in modern art *not* anticipated in Van Gogh's expressionism and free color, Gauguin's decorative flatness, Seurat's dispersed light and self-conscious formalism, or Cézanne's stylized simplifications were generated by Surrealism—specifically as interpreted by Miró.

Today the words "radical" and "revolutionary" are tossed about with such abandon that it is difficult to use them at all. But it is impossible to describe Miró's contribution without such adjectives. Miró, however, is the gentle revolutionary who understood that there was no need to burn the museums or to assume nihilistic anti-art postures to cast off the dead past. His weapons were the capacity of the imagination to contrive fresh alternatives and the ability of humor and irony to expose what is sham and exhausted convention. Not to appreciate Miró's humor, his hilarious punning ironies, is to miss a great part of his originality. Miró's Surrealist monsters are always more grotesque than they are frightening; his erotic metaphors funnier than they are provocative. Take, or example, the celebrated painting "le Sourire de ma blonde"—literally, "my blonde's smile." The coalescing, in a kind of montage effect, of the image of a smile with that of the female sex, which appears to be that part of the blonde which is smiling, not only makes a very advanced Freudian point about anatomical confusions but is simply very comical. In another punning title, "Un Oiseau poursuit une abeille et la baisse," Miró raises the possibility that if the birds do it and the bees do it, then the birds can do it to the bees. With earthy humor, the canny Catalan peasant in Miró rocks the complacent bourgeois world with liberating laughter. In such unexpected juxtapositions, whimsical combinations, and poetic metaphors, the human merges with the animal and the natural, extending consciousness beyond its traditional rational confines to embrace the totality of the universe. Because that embrace is loving and our time is full of hate, Miró's statement becomes for us that much more unique and valuable. ■

SONNY AND CHER

(Continued from page 138)

"We kid each other a lot, but we're still in love"

year-old daughter, Chastity; her governess; various musical instruments; Cher's trunk of clothes; and assorted suitcases. They would take off approximately twelve hours later for California and for home, resting in between at the Holiday Inn.

Sonny opened the door of a gloomy eighth-floor motel room, curtains tightly drawn. The bureau was littered with drinks: No-Cal, raspberry soda, Tab, you name it. Sonny wore a shirt, like a gondolier's, in russet cotton velours, the pants matching, the feet slippered. He is slender, has compassionate brown eyes, a mouth and nose somewhat overruled by a not-too-thrifty-size mustache in pale brown. His face has the possibility of one day belonging to a great, wise clown. Sonny sat down on the edge of the small double bed crunched into a corner. He told me Chastity was asleep in the adjoining room; and, yes, she did watch their program though she seemed to be getting a bit bored with it lately.

I had interrupted a domestic scene. Sonny was watching a football game on television and he did his best to pay attention to me and wiggle one eye over to the screen. He introduced me to Cher lying on the bed, a table lamp lighting her needlepoint canvas, a composition of daisies, pansies, lilies, pinks and greens and white; and I wondered if this was a reminder of home, a fresh nosegay in a plastic world.

Cher is small-boned, lithe, so young, so casual, so professional. Her skin is sunbathed olive and expertly rosy with rouge. Her legendary fingernails are nearly half an inch long and pink. Her hair is combed straight and immaculately, a silken black fringe spilled to the waist of her short raspberry-velours dress. Her voice is deep and diction crisp; she continued her needlepoint, darting her eyes in my direction when she was especially interested in a question.

Both Sonny and Cher wear thin neck chains of gold that they had made for each other in Las Vegas. They met when Cher was seventeen. "We were gun-shy, both of us," Sonny said. "We worried about making a commitment to one another. We'd both been hurt." Sonny has been married before and is the father of a fourteen-year-old daughter, Christy. Sonny and Cher didn't have a real first date. "A friend introduced us one afternoon and Sonny asked me if I liked to watercolor and I said 'sure' and we just bummed around together. Then Sonny had another date and he excused himself and I said 'fine.' "

Salvatore Bono was a successful song writer when he married Cherilyn Sarkisian on October 27, 1964. She sang his songs around the house and, Sonny said, "I knew she had it, but we took it very slow." And painstakingly. First it was his songs, "I Got You Babe" and dozens more, and then it was the nightclub route from Canada to Las Vegas, with "some flounderings" and recognition with a television program of their own, at last, just a year ago. Now, it's five times a week at the CBS studios, rehearsing and taping their shows on successive twelve- and thirteen-hour days. There are concert tours, dress-fittings ("I go bananas when I'm not comfortable," Cher said), a special manicurist, a special hairdresser, special gag writers.

An elaborate enterprise now —Sonny and Cher smiled when I said they were getting to sound like the Burtons—they insisted they are still "on top of things, in control." And never tired of one another, though they are insistently together. Cher, who is close to her own family, said, "I don't spend as much time with anyone else and I couldn't. And I never do get angry at Sonny. Our nerves might be a little frayed, but that's all."

And now, what are Sonny and Cher booking for their future? First, they're hoping that as entertainers they will be accepted "for our own personalities, because the audience likes us and not because of trends or special songs," Sonny said. "It's not easy, to really establish yourself on TV, so you communicate something warm and manage to last for a time." They're also working on their vast house. A tennis court and landscaping are in work; a decorator is foraging abroad for suitable furnishings. A secretary and two maids spend time at the house and Sonny and Cher think in another few years they'll get around to enjoying it, too.

And while the Bonos are investing so much in themselves, in taking Chastity with them wherever they go, in the vast wardrobe, the plane, the "mansion," are they saving for the future? "Yeah," said Sonny, "to a certain extent. But you can't plan all that carefully." His eyes were gentle but straightforward in Cher's direction. "And besides," she added, "I know we live extravagantly, but it's the only fun we get just now, so we might as well enjoy ourselves." ■

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VOGUE MONEY

(Continued from page 68)

ing lessons, and good schools—beginning at the nursery level. In an atmosphere of opportunity to rise or fall, parents may be tempted to overextend their financial resources to provide their children with what Judith Blake calls the "requisite qualifications" for upward mobility.

The "requisite qualifications" will very likely include a degree from Harvard College or some similar institution—which costs a *minimum* of $5,000 a year to attend these days—with four years of prep school *before* and two or three (or maybe four or five) years of graduate school *after*.

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A GREAT YEAR FOR HALSTONS

(Continued from page 141)



1. Halston's suède shirt-coat—here in lavender Ultrasuède, over straight grey cashmere pants. Coat, about $400; pants, about $140. At Martha. 2. His newest jacket—a peplum shirt in peppermint-pink Ultrasuède—tied with a bow at the waist over ivory Fibranne pants. Jacket, about $220; pants, about $120. At Martha. 3. The drawstring shirtdress—in toast-beige Honan silk. (Lafitte fabric). About $220. At Martha. 4. His evening pyjamas—these in pale, pale pink silk. About $400; Pomezia fabric. Bergdorf Goodman. 5. The famous suède shirtdress—lemon Ultrasuède, short-sleeved for resort . . . a traditional Halston cashmere, in palest blue, knotted around the neck. Dress, about $180; sweater, about $80. Bergdorf Goodman. 6. Polo shirt and dirndl skirt—the one in off-white cashmere, the other chamois Ultrasuède. Shirt, about $65; skirt, about $120. Bloomingdale's. 7. Halston's long T-shirt for evening—beige matte jersey tie-dyed in purple, yellow, pink. About $360. Bloomingdale's. 8. His short and easy little dress for day—creamy matte jersey bloused at the waist. About $200. Bloomingdale's. 9. Pure Halston: a long-sleeved shrimp-pink cashmere knotted over a short-sleeved one and paired with a white linen skirt (Verron fabric). Sweaters, about $65 and $60; skirt, about $100. Bloomingdale's. 10. The long Halston sweater set for evening—apricot cashmere cardigan, ivory cashmere sweater dress. Cardigan, about $380; sweater, about $300. Bergdorf Goodman. 11. Another classic gone tie-dye—Halston's ivory matte jersey caftan covered with pink, yellow, purple, blue. About $340. Bergdorf Goodman. . . . All matte jersey in rayon (Jasco Fabrics). All Ultrasuède, of polyester and polyurethane (Skinner Fabrics). Turnouts, also available at Jacobson's; Swanson's; I Magnin. All accessories from Halston. Coiffures, on both pages, by Suga Salon.

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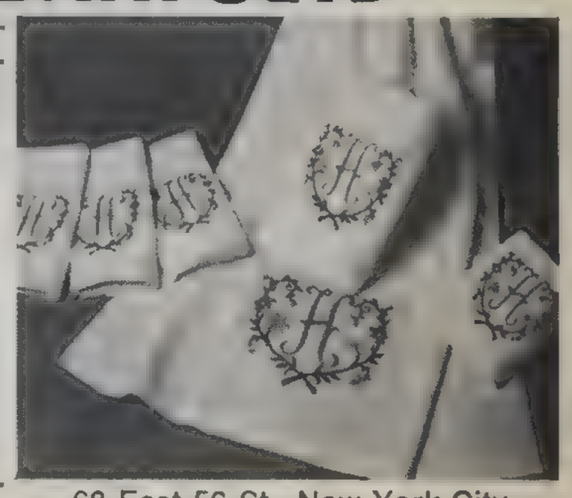
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(Continued from page 124)

"He considers dancers not as personalities but as embodied spirits—in fact, as angels"

tive, for example, than similar teaching of piano, violin, or woodwind. If a student does not have unusual energy, perspicacity, or the luck to realize lacks in a local teacher, preferences and habits transmitted early tend to take over. Young dancers, when they join a company, discover to their amazement (and their mothers' dismay) that their training to date has not only been incomplete but damaging. Balanchine takes no dancers who have not survived (or have not been subjected to) such training or who will not submit to what his notion of what body-and-mind should realize. His system is not "comfortable" but, finally, it can be comforting.

Superior professionals with considerable Parisian or Scandinavian reputations have come to him comparatively late. What led them to quit security, place themselves at his rude disposal? A sense that he, before anyone else in their time, had extended the parlance of spectacular human movement through a methodology based on workable traditions which he had absorbed, upon which he built and is still building. At the start of such a connection, there can be a real crisis of accommodation. Balanchine's severity, strict analysis, and rationale of certain arcane technical considerations go counter to what is diversely and widely taught.

"Comfortable" in a new and unfamiliar structuring some dancers are not and never will be. Within a short time, however, if a generosity or openness of temperament is granted, many are comforted by a fresh enlargement of capacity and outlook which, if at first only to themselves, seems miraculous.

First, but less important than Balanchine's more innovative contributions, are some purely mechanical extensions or modifications that have increased both idiom and practice, which are more apparent in classroom than onstage. He has emphasized an extension of three-dimensional plasticity not alone in *épaulement* —the expressive carriage of head-and-neck-on-shoulders, where due to the vivid magnetism of the face it is focused to show first—but to the entire body. He has accentuated a spiral dominance in asymmetry as against frontal symmetry in an attack on static positioning, which tends to interrupt a flow of movement for the sake of stability. Three-dimensional plasticity, the difference between a bas-relief and a freestanding figure released in air and action, has its most legible artistic definition in the *contraposto* or opposition of bodily members in baroque sculpture.

In one sense, Balanchine is a mannerist sculptor, following the *maniera* or grand manner of posturing derived from Michelangelo's exaggeration and re-creation of possibilities in the nude. Balanchine has accentuated a reappraisal of the *plié*, the bending and rising on the soles and heels, in a manner that runs counter to much foreign practice. Balanchine's classes accentuate an apparent "off-balance," a dominant kinetic follow through, the reverse of a head-on, four-square "correctness."

Among purely mechanical factors Balanchine has accentuated acceleration of movement. The driving, processive insistent quality in Stravinsky's rhythmic progress has been translated by Balanchine into a metric. Before 1909, important soloists danced their assignments with staccato or fast sections while the *corps de ballet* was reserved for quick passages chiefly in the *ballabile* that would end a scene or act.

To a great extent, Balanchine has de-soloized the classic dance, demoting the *prima ballerina assoluta*, a heretofore sacred monster, by promoting the corps to work in ways that previously would have been the property only of soloists. This process of democratization has caused vocative journalism and professional antagonism to his methods. He is rumored to be uninterested in strong "personalities"; therefore his attitude results in a dehumanization of individuals, a restriction of "emotion" and, alas, "soul."

There is truth here, but such criticism must be read in context. A local teacher in a small town needs the advertisement of a potential star-personality upon which to pin reputation and livelihood. Local teachers may latch onto an energetic child (and as often the child's overambitious mother), equipping both with great nonsense about what will succeed for their dual ends. Often this has been assiduous imitation of some notability, preferably stolen from films or television.

Shirley Temple can be accused of having inadvertently deformed a generation of American dancers; prior to that, Anna Pavlova provided similar service; and contemporary parallels are not hard to hunt. But whether or not a young dancer from Seattle or San Diego, Miami or Minneapolis eventually gets to Balanchine is no prank of fate.

Through a decade's support by The Ford Foundation, local studios that have, for one reason or another, been magnetized by the meaning of Balanchine's repertory, sent their best students to be subjected to his tender mercies. Many, if not most, of these have joined his company and have done much credit to their earlier instruction. For those who have not been so magnetized and whose capacities have not fulfilled his demands, it is easy to see how his regimen appears tyrannical. And, as for the dehumanization of dancers, it must be understood that he considers them not as "personalities" but as embodied spirits—in fact, as angels, messengers sent with certain glad tidings incarnate in their persons which are capable of being taught—not as a collection of accidental tastes, preferences, or prejudices come by through ignorance of a wide world or its plentiful and difficult history.

An advanced student, as the most recent full-fledged member of a company, becomes merely primary material for manipulation. It may be that an entirely new start must be made, and one hard to face. Bright hopes are dashed: "Where am I?" "When was I supposed to be so good?" "Where is this?" "What am I doing here?"

Conversely, other young dancers who showed hardly as much promise before they joined the company find themselves promptly precipitated into important service. This abrupt procedure is inherent in Balanchine's practice. In the older official troupes, promotion and position was by tenure, almost irrespective of talent, since the *prima ballerina assoluta* was guaranteed her perquisites. Balanchine's attitude is not more "democratic," since it depends on a self-proclaimed, obvious, and legible aristocracy of talent. It is not so much a question of how long a dancer has worked in a school or a company but the given capacity for the given moment.

A crisis comes in some dancers' lives when they cannot stomach a system that seems to reduce *their* notion of themselves to another's. Why should anyone know better than oneself how one should be best deployed? If a performing artist has inner confidence and a sense of service, a collective situation is comfortable; and realization of it, acceptable. Some come to recognize that Balanchine is not stupid; he does not waste his human resources.

Dancers devoted to and comfortable with Balanchine consider finally that his interest in them is not personal; that they are to be judged as jewels and are to be handled as a skilled craftsman sets stones. They have been faceted and polished to a high shine; but they cannot by themselves set themselves into a ring, necklace, or tiara. Some believe he can make them glow, not as stars but as gems.

A decade ago, a male dancer on the verge of a world career thought to please Balanchine by offering himself—on his own terms—as a Star. He was told that when he tired of playing the Prince in *Giselle*, he could come around again. *Giselle*-itis is an incurable malady and battens on itself. There have been numerous tentative approaches on the part of renowned performers who, for one reason or another, imagine that contact with Balanchine's repertory somehow insulated from Balanchine's self might grace their careers. Balanchine is uncomfortable with them, for essentially they wish to surrender nothing of their characteristic personalism. They may wish to enhance it by a spin-off from his brand of magic.

Similarly, some of Balanchine's own dancers decide that he is not "attracted" by their "personalities." Usually, this has

(Continued on page 205)

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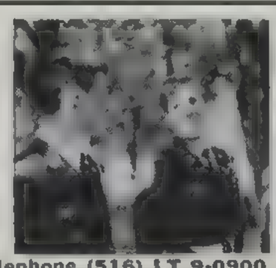
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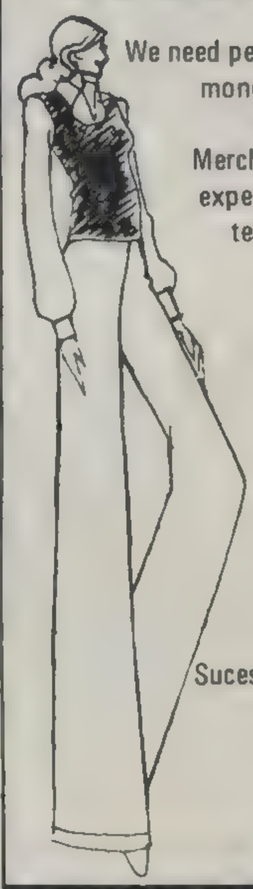
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BALANCHINE

(Continued from page 203)

"Some dancers believe he can make them glow, not as stars but as gems"

meant they want to dance *Giselle*. Students are brainwashed early by being told that *Giselle* and *Hamlet* are two peaks of performance possibility.

Journalism and criticism are supposedly two disjunct services; as practiced, neither adds much to analytical understanding of what actually goes on when dancers perform. These exercises are usually displays of personal sensibility unsupported by technical information, which would be the mandatory equipment of any reporter of a piano or violin recital, to say nothing of the symphonic repertory, chess, or basketball.

Few critics who cover or smother ballet have spent time in a classroom or can compare the several styles of teaching methods. Both the idiom and design of ballet are considered to be self-evident from observation of performers' personalities. The daily or weekly story commands little space and small time to fill it. *How* she or he danced is saluted; but the essence of *what* has occurred eludes formulation in hurried words.

As for the general public: it is an odd beast. Its appetites and curiosities are hydra-headed. It has thousands of eyes, ears, and is in fact no single creature but composed of multiple members and bands of partisans who express their pleasure, participation, or lack of it, in as many manners. The most gross is thrilled and soothed by *les monstres sacrées* of theater and sport, whose professional deformation has arrived at incandescent narcissism. A sort of sexual satisfaction is released in mutually self-congratulatory howlings and hurlings: *bravo, brava, bravi,* 'mid cascades of bouquets. From this beast, claques are recruited which rev up factitious enthusiasm that is as evident in the hysteria of opera buffs and rock singers as balletomanes.

Then there is a middle public that is amused by all sorts of spectacle from Shakespeare to the circus, and that, on occasion, is not averse to good dancing if it is bright, cheerful, and brief, for the attention span is short.

Finally, there is an informed or specialist public which brings to the theater experience in comparative judgment strengthened by interest in other arts and crafts, sciences and ideas, sharing the culture of museums and libraries and familiarity with musical literature. It inclines towards a dominantly visual imagination. It looks and listens in a combined operation. It has a somewhat clinical consideration of what its eyes reflect. It absorbs spectacle in depth, dispassionately passionate. It is not blinded by prejudgment. This public comes to look with an openness that is responsive to the quality of the pageant's whole deployment, beyond personalism or personality. It comprises the ideal normal subscription audience, which Balanchine has relied on for support for the last thirty-five years and which has seconded other enlightened support from the principal foundations.

The celebration of the achievement of Stravinsky as a composer for dancing, held in New York last June, proved, among a bouquet of felicitously staged works, that Balanchine's most recent choreographic invention was the culmination of a historic progress. In three works (out of a dozen)—two of which were presented on the opening night (*Symphony in Three Movements; Violin Concerto*) and in a third smaller but possibly more perfect entity (*Duo Concertante*)—he displayed an inventiveness that here was as far ahead of *Agon* (1957) as *Agon* was of *Apollo* (1928). In three constructions of complex subtlety, Balanchine's unique additions to the skill and science of composed body movement were revealed as never before.

When Balanchine was composing his full-evening's version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (which he always insisted was, in this case, not Shakespeare's but Mendelssohn's), he was continually puzzled by the problem of how to demonstrate by physical movement the verbal fireworks of Bottom's account of his

(Continued on page 206)

ACCESSORY DETAILS

Page 139: K.J.L. earrings, at Bonwit Teller. Round-the-Clock tights.

Page 162: K.J.L. earrings.

Page 163: I.J. Herman hat, at Henri Bendel. Bergère earrings. Alexis Kirk bangles, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Black platform clogs: Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel.

Page 172: Coro earrings.

Page 173: Sunglasses by Optyl Designs. Douglas Randall ring. Sandals at Miller Eye.

Page 174: Style Art hat, at Bloomingdale's. Jacques Cohen espadrilles, at Miller Eye. His polo shirt, at Dunhill Tailors. Léron tablecloth.

Page 175: Dacor mask and snorkel. Corda diving fins. All, at Abercrombie & Fitch.

Page 176: Hat by Mr. Martin, at Bloomingdale's.

Page 177: Mark Cross tote. Alexis Kirk bracelet. Bernardo sandals.

Page 178: Hat from La Tienda. Basket, The Gazebo. Caravelle watch by Bulova. El Greco shoes.

Page 179 (left): Bausch & Lomb glasses, at Meyrowitz. Hat by Don Anderson for Sheer Bros.

Page 179 (right): Robert Zentall rings. Bernardo sandals.

Page 180: Eleja Casuals hat. Sneakers: Jack Purcell by B. F. Goodrich. Tennis racquet: Feron's Racquet and Tennis Shop. His shirt, Dunhill Tailors. His shorts, sweatbands, and racquet: Feron's Racquet and Tennis Shop.

Page 181: Hat by Don Anderson for Sheer Bros., at Bergdorf Goodman. K.J.L. watch. Bernardo sandals. His shirt, Dunhill Tailors. His pants and belt, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche for Men. His shoes, Arrowsmith.

Page 182: Head scarf, Herman, Schmidt & Brendle. Visual Fashions glasses. Coro earrings. House of Schrager bracelet. Ring by Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Christian Dior shoes: Charles Jourdan Salon.

Page 183: Coro earrings. Erwin Pearl necklaces: choker at Bloomingdale's; rope at Bonwit Teller. White ring by Cadoro. Blue ring, Robert Zentall. His shirt: Saint Laurent Rive Gauche for Men.

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BALANCHINE

(Continued from page 205)

"A dimension of spectacle in which music is seen and dancing is heard"

dream-journey. Nick Bottom, the weaver, has been enchanted by Oberon the Fairy King, transformed into a donkey, loved by Queen Titania, and then restored to his original lowly estate. Awakening, Bottom feels his head for those long hairy ears that are no longer his and tries to make sense of what-all he has (possibly) dreamed:

"Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. . . . Methought I had . . . but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was."

Here Shakespeare was parodying a famous New Testament passage:

". . . Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man. . . ." *(I Corinthians: ii, 9)*

What Balanchine has been able to do with his kind of dancer is to conceive a dimension of spectacle in which music is seen and dancing is heard, but to which no words apply. In this he has imposed and employed a metaphysic that has to do with the nature of order and with persons or selves in that ordering. In his peculiar fusion of music with movement, errant or arrant personalities have no place. The structure of the music is invested by the bodies of girls and boys in driving motion. They recline on a visual and aural counterpoint and harmony that is both rhythmic floor and expressive cushion and springboard. They are not costumed but uniformed; not starred but ignited. They are not machines but provocatively stripped musculatures. Their specific anatomies are not mechanized but objectively motivated in a self-governing frame, dictated by the flow, balance, harmonics, speed, and exuberance of sound. Physicality in the tense relationships of Balanchine's dancers kept under so strict a discipline in so free an exercise pushes the spectacle to a high pressure point. Everything is so focused, compressed, packed, playful that it is as if the entire design were patterned on coiled steel or explosive fuels. Combinations of music in motion approach a fourth dimension that cannot be verbally defined.

With Balanchine, eye and mind translate or transform sight as sound. Superficies of scenery and costume, the ordinary appanage of theatrical decor, poetic pretexts, and, above all, the exhibition of self-loving and self-limiting personalities are consigned to more primary levels. His fourth dimension is beyond the primary three of plastic formality. Sight as sound, defined by dancers dancing a dance, spells an extension of what is possible to inspect as orderly occurrence on a super-humane plane. It is a severe statement and seems to deny chaos, chance and, in its paradoxical dialectic of determinism and free will, is an important notion to consider as this century hurtles towards its millennial crisis. ■

VISCONTI

(Continued from page 199)

"A copy of reality is never art; art is the re-invention of reality"

came to the throne in 1864, not yet nineteen—full of hope for the future, yet faced with the threat of a collapsing throne and insanity in his family.

"Ludwig fascinates me because he represents so much. He had enormous ability to live beyond reality, yet not within it. He was the last of the absolute sovereigns but wanted to reign with artists, not politicians. He was a modern statesman who, having lost two wars, knew that more war would ruin Bavaria.

"But Ludwig was also a victim of bad education and of fear that he would go insane. Ludwig was abused and betrayed by Wagner, yet continued to love him. When the composer died, Ludwig ordered all the pianos in the castles of Bavaria to be draped in mourning, and he went alone at night to pay homage to the body.

"Toward the end, Ludwig was abandoned by everyone, even his servants. He wandered by night, like a ghost, from castle to castle, driven by fear. Five days after being declared insane and removed from the throne, he was found drowned with his doctor—a mystery still unexplained.

"Among those who did not like Ludwig were the Jesuits, whom he had sought to drive out of Bavaria and who today have custody of his body. Another irony are those Bavarian castles. People said Ludwig was crazy to build them—yet today they are the major source of income for the country."

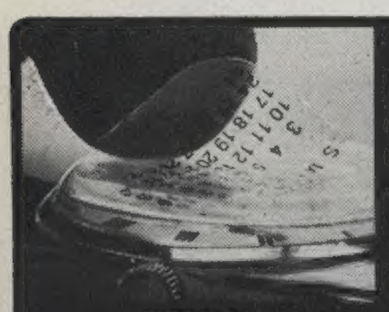
Ludwig's story contained familiar Visconti themes: Passion is a disorder that separates one from society and destroys him. Betrayal is to be expected as part of human nature. Love, without social or economic support, is reducible to two forms: possession or prostitution. Sex does not exist in a pure state since it is inevitably contaminated by money, violence, or possessiveness. Pure friendship, especially between males, is possible; but pure sexual love is not.

These were themes that Visconti had somewhat shared with many others, including Edward Albee, Harold Pinter, and, curiously, Joseph Losey, his arch-rival for several major film properties and film prizes.

But for Visconti, Ludwig was most interesting because Ludwig had sought to arrest the decay around him and within his own body. In this way he had some meaning for our time.

"I believe men everywhere are aware that a transformation is coming, that perhaps we are at the end of a great moral epoch. The reaction in some areas is one of personal abandonment. In others, it's to cling to what exists, to what is good and needed. From that comes an inevitable protest. I prefer to tell the story of protest. Even though the hero is crushed in the process, he at least had the courage to try to live. That is what interests me about Ludwig of Bavaria.

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